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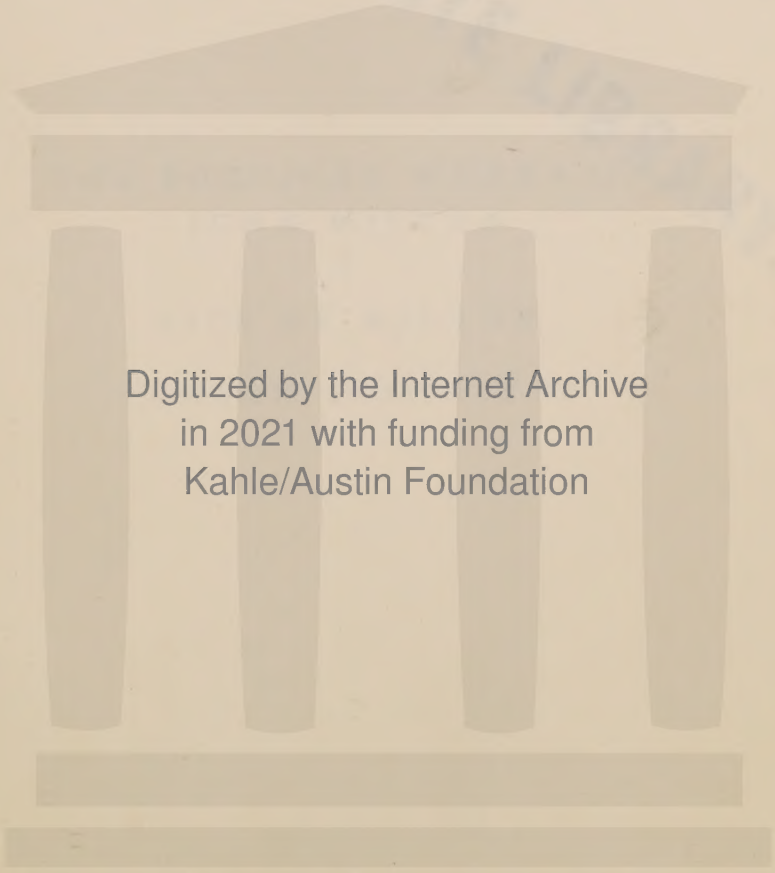

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON

I

LIFE OF MILTON

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SAMSON AGONISTES

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON

With a Life of the Author
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CONTENTS

THE LIFE OF MILTON 3

SAMSON AGONISTES 155

NOTES TO THE LIFE OF MILTON 225

ILLUSTRATIONS

LIFE OF MILTON

	FACING PAGE
JOHN MILTON *From a Portrait taken in his Twenty-first Year*	3
JOHN MILTON *From a Portrait taken in Later Life*	114

SAMSON AGONISTES

Oh dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, *Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse.*	157
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew *The whole roof after them with burst of thunder.*	217

THE LIFE OF MILTON

JOHN MILTON

From a Portrait taken in his XXI *Year*

THE LIFE OF MILTON

BY JOHN MITFORD

JOHN MILTON, magnum et venerabile nomen, the son of John Milton and Sarah Caston, a woman of incomparable virtue and goodness, and exemplary for her liberality to the poor, was born[1] in London, on the 9th of December, 1608. To use his own words: "Londini sum natus, genere honesto, Patre, viro integerrimo, matre probatissima, et eleemosyne per viciniam potissimum nota."[2] His father was an eminent scrivener, and lived at the sign of the Spread Eagle[3] (the armorial ensign of the family) in Bread Street.[4] He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, embraced the doctrines of the reformed church, and in consequence was disinherited by his father, who was a bigoted papist. The profession, however, which he chose was so successful as to enable him to give his children a liberal education;[5] and to allow him to pass his latter years in the leisure and tranquillity of a country life.

The grandfather of the poet was keeper of the forest of Shotover, in Oxfordshire, and his family had been long settled at Milton,[6] in that neighbour-

hood.[7] They took, however, the unfortunate side in civil wars, their estate was sequestrated, and their rank and opulence consequently destroyed.

Milton's father was a person of a superior and accomplished mind, and was greatly distinguished for his musical talents; indeed, in this science he is said to have been equal to the very first musicians of the age.[8] He saw the early promises of genius in his son, and encouraged them by a careful and liberal education. Milton was at first placed under the domestic tuition of Thomas Young, a learned Puritan minister and native of Essex, to whom he was in after life much attached, and to whom his Fourth Elegy and the first of his Latin Epistles are inscribed. A portrait of him, by Cornelius Jansen,[9] when only ten years old, shows the affection of the parents for their handsome and accomplished child, who even at that early age was forming the first flower of his youthful genius; and whose vernal promise was ripening fast into works of finished and exquisite beauty.

Young[10] quitted England in 1623, and it is probable that in the same year Milton was admitted into St. Paul's School, under the care of Alexander Gill.[11] His unwearied love of study had already commenced. "Ab anno," he says, "ætatis duodecimo vix unquam ante mediam noctem à lucubrationibus cubitum discederem;" and Aubrey adds that

"when Milton went to school, he studied very hard, and sate up very late, commonly till twelve or one o'clock, and his father ordered the maid to sitt up for him." In a letter to his preceptor, dated not long after this time, he says: "Hæc scripsi Londini, inter urbana diverticula, non libris, ut soleo circumseptus."

Thus early and deep were laid the foundation of his future fame. His studies were in a great measure poetical. Humphrey Lownes, the printer, who lived in the same street, supplied him with Spenser and Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas: his admiration of the former is known to all; the attention which he paid to the more obscure, and now almost forgotten, poet was pointed out more fully than before by my late ingenious friend Mr. Charles Dunster, in a little work which he called Milton's Early Reading, or the Prima Stamina of Paradise Lost.[12]

Aubrey says Milton was a poet when only ten years old. Those who are interested in watching the early dawning of genius as it opens on the youthful mind, and in comparing the different periods in which great talents have displayed both the promise and the direction of their future power, will not be displeased at my recalling to their memory the passage in that elegant biography of Cowley, which Sprat addressed to their mutual

friend Martin Clifford, and in which he mentions the age when Cowley first became inspired by the muse and the book that excited his youthful imagination. There is a singular coincidence between those two great contemporaries in the dates assigned by their respective biographers. "Vix dum decennis," says Sprat, "Poeta factus est." We shall be less surprised to hear that Spenser was alike the object of their early admiration,—"legendo Spensero nostro, Scriptore sane illustri, et vel adultis difficili." Happy had it been for Cowley's fame had he not early wandered away from the instructor of his youth, and left for epic and Pindaric flights that which even now delights, and must forever please, his moral song,—the voice of nature and of truth, the language of the heart.

In 1623 Milton produced his translations of the 114th and 136th Psalms;[13] and in his seventeenth year[14] he was sent from St. Paul's School, and admitted a pensioner at Christ's College, Cambridge, on the 12th of February, 1624.[15] He was there early distinguished for the elegance of his versification and his unusual skill in the Latin tongue. A well-known passage in his First Elegy certainly betrays some displeasure which he felt, or alludes to some indignities which he suffered, from the severity of collegiate discipline. This was probably occasioned by the freedom of his censures on the established

system of education,[16] and his reluctance to conform to it. In his Reason of Church Government, he says: "Their honest and ingenuous nature coming to the Universities to store themselves with good and solid learning, are there unfortunately fed with nothing else but the scragged and thorny lectures of monkish and miserable sophistry; were sent home again with such a scholastical bur in their throats, as hath stopped and hindered all true and generous philosophy from entering; cracked their voices forever with metaphysical gargarisms, hath made them admire a sort of formal outside men, prelatically addicted, whose unchastened and overwrought minds were never yet initiated, nor subdued under the true love of moral or religious virtue, which two are the best and greatest points of learning: but either slightly trained up in a kind of hypocritical and hackney course of literature to get their living by, and dazzle the ignorant, or else fondly overstudied in useless controversies, except those which they use, with all the specious and delusive subtlety they are able, to defend their prelatical Sparta." And in his Apology for Smectymnuus, he says: "That suburb wherein I dwell shall be in my accounts a more honourable place than his University; which as in the time of her better health, and mine own younger judgment, I never greatly admired, so now much less."[17] And in his

third letter to his friend and tutor Alexander Gill, he expresses the same opinion concerning the superficial and smattering learning of the University and of the manner in which the clergy engage with raw and untutored judgments in the study of theology, patching together a sermon with pilfered scraps, without any acquaintance with criticism or philosophy. Again, in his Animadversions on the Remonstrant's Defence, he says: "What should I tell you how the universities that men look should be the fountains of learning and knowledge, have been poisoned and choked under your governance?"

Milton's natural genius, cultivated by the care of those excellent scholars who had conducted his education, and enriched by his own indefatigable study, had doubtless made great advances in those branches of knowledge at once congenial to his mind and conducive to its improvement; and he might feel unwilling to be diverted from them into the barren and unprofitable pursuits which the old system of collegiate education too often required.[18] That which he disliked or despised, his love of freedom on all subjects, and in every situation, forbade him to conceal. It is probable that he underwent a temporary rustication. This, however, is certain,—that all misunderstanding was removed, and that he soon acquired the kindness and respect of the society with which he lived. He

says: "It hath given me an apt occasion to acknowledge publicly with all grateful mind that more than ordinary favour and respect, which I found above any of my equals at the hands of these courteous and learned men, the fellows of the college wherein I spent some years; who, at my parting, after I had taken two degrees, as the manner is signified many ways, how much better it would content them, if I would stay, as by many letters full of kindness and loving respect, both before that time and long after, I was assured of their singular good affection towards me." And in another place he speaks of himself as

Procul omni flagitio, bonis omnibus probatus.

In 1628 he wrote some lines on the subject "Naturam non pati senium," as an academical exercise, to oblige one of the fellows of the College; and T. Warton says of it that "it is replete with fanciful and ingenious allusions; it has also a vigour of expression, a dignity of sentiment, and elevation of thought rarely found in very young writers." This praise is just; but its Latinity is not so flowing or elegant as that of his later poems. To this account, as the subject is of much interest, I now add the result of a fuller inquiry which I subsequently gave to it.

The first point in Milton's life, which has been

the subject of debate, is his supposed quarrel with the authorities of his college at Cambridge, and the ignominious consequences conjectured to have resulted from it. I think, however, that the conclusions which Johnson first invidiously advanced have been rejected, and that the truth has been gradually brought to light. To any offences against college discipline connected with laxity of moral conduct, it would be unjust, indeed absurd, to look; and it would show a total ignorance of Milton's character—in all that respects purity of life, consistent from youth to age.[19] Certainly he entered the academic bowers rich in every youthful and virtuous accomplishment, nursed by his parents and preceptors in all pure and lofty contemplations, and filled with the most honourable ambition. He had been educated under two persons, both of sound and elegant literature, and one of them of poetical talent. From them he had imbibed an early and correct taste for the beauties of ancient literature, and his progress in such studies had already marked the constancy of his application and the congeniality of his mind. Aubrey says he studied very hard in school; and his taste and knowledge were at that time more than usually perfected. When he entered at Cambridge he found a very different system of education pursued. The old scholastic studies of the Church

were still in vogue; the antiquated logic and barren metaphysics of the schoolmen employed the attention of the students; and Milton no doubt either neglected to perform such ungrateful tasks, or added such expostulation to his refusal as was resented by his superiors. Of this I feel quite certain, that this was the point of his offence, and this was all; for in a very short time he not only regained the favour of his tutors, but stood high in their estimation. In one passage quoted in the Aldine Edition of Milton, he directly mentions the cause of his disgrace, and of its removal: "Omnium plausu exceptæ sunt inimicorum qui in me alias propter studiorum dissidia, essent prorsus infenso et inimico animo." This is surely, in the absence of any evidence of irregular conduct, or of any other cause, conclusive as to the point; but as some of our readers may be so fortunate as not to be familiar with those "brabblements," and have never mumbled the "sowthistles" which grew in the fields of Cam, it will be as well to inform them of what kind they were in the days of our Bard which occupied the thoughts of the students,[20] who now imbibe from the same fountain, then so tainted and dry, the pure and living streams of sound knowledge, whether filled with the philosophy of Whewell, the eloquence of Sedgwick, or the learning of Thirlwall.

Some few years subsequent to Milton's residence, the biographer of a brother poet, who had been appointed tutor of Peterhouse about 1640, writes thus: "Though he found himself tied down by the practice of the schools to the drudgery of teaching his pupils the tedious and heavy system of Duns Scotus, and Averroes, and the rest of the subtle philosophers of that date, yet by the pertinent reflections he used, and the art of disentangling their minds from the perplexities of that metaphysical jargon, and leading them to the substantial knowledge of the duties of religion, humanity," &c.[21] Now, some of these college disputations—"these frivolous subtleties and barren disputations"—are before us, and while we contemplate their grim and hungry aspects we cannot wonder at Milton's reluctance to leave his delightful pursuits, and quit the poetry and philosophy of Greece for such dry and uninviting disquisitions. At this time he was composing some of the most beautiful and finished of his Latin poems; he had written in his native language with elegance, and the Allegro and Penseroso appeared shortly after. Here they are!—the favourite themes of the tutors of Corpus and Christi: "Angeli cognoscunt Singularia; Ignorato motu, tollitur cognitio; Materiæ; Intellectus est nobilior Voluntate; Visio fit per receptionem Specierum." Such are

some of the titles. The themes themselves are too long to give, and but little amusement they would afford to those not breeding up for Seraphic Doctors; but thus one began: "En in fronte difficultatem! quo ruo nescius? Egone ut Alexandrum huic nodo me præbeam? Nihil minus, sed quod faciunt Pueruli nempe irritis magis an ridiculis dicam conatibus, tortilem virgulam in obturantem ferunt molem, ut in quicquid est duriusculi, quod pedes turbat," &c. We may fairly presume—knowing as we now do the original cause of dispute, and the subsequent and speedy reconciliation—that these uncongenial and useless exercises were not rigidly required of the youthful poet, that his talents and acquirements were respected; for H. More says that Milton's tutor was learned, vigilant, skilful, pious, and prudent. Milton says that the fellows of his college wished him to remain among them, and that he was "procul omni flagitio, bonis omnibus probatus." There is a poem of Milton's which will throw light on this subject. He had to perform a vacation exercise; it was, as usual, a metaphysical one. "Ens is represented as Father of the Predicaments, his ten sons; whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his Canons; which Ens, thus speaking, explains. . . . Quantity and Quality spake in prose; then Relation was called by his name." Now from these dry bones what un-

wonted fires sprang up! Must not the tutors of his college have been gratified, in witnessing their now obedient pupil, not only performing his allotted though ungrateful task, but creating a soul under the ribs of Death; and over this chopped logic, sprinkling the fairest waters of the Pierian spring.[22] Such an exercise as this, thus performed, must have charmed away all previous misunderstanding; and often as "Relation had been called by his name," in the schools, we may be assured he never before answered in such a noble invocation, and such strains of majestic eloquence, as—

> Rivers, arise: whether thou be the son
> Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulfy Dun,
> Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads
> His thirty arms along the indented meads, &c.

A youth of nineteen who could write such lines as

> How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
> Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
> To the touch of golden wires,

could not but be in the highest estimation in the Muse's seat.

This is the view of the subject which the editor of the former Aldine edition first took, which Sir Egerton Brydges supports, and from which Mr. St. John does not dissent. Whether, to use Mistress Powell's expression, Milton's choleric

temper expressed itself thus early, or whether he brought to the precincts of the parent church any partial prejudices imbibed from his tutor Young, and expressed them with his usual energy and warmth; certainly the verses in which he alludes to the subject appear to point rather to his studies than to his conduct as the cause of offence,—"Ceteraque ingenio non subeunda meo."

As a removal of all doubt on this subject is important, meeting us as the charge does on the authority of a great name, I shall here transcribe some further notice of it made by me, subsequent to the publication of the Life of Milton, prefixed to the first Aldine edition of his poems.

Milton was designed by his parents for the profession of the Church, but during his residence at the University he changed his intention.[23] Dr. Newton considers that he had conceived early prejudices against the doctrine and discipline of the Church; but Johnson seems to think that his objections lay not so much against subscription to the articles, but related to canonical obedience. His own account is as follows:[24] "By the intention of my parents and friends, I was destined of a child to the service of the Church, and in mine own resolutions. Till coming to some maturity of years, and perceiving what tyranny had invaded the Church, —that he who would take orders must subscribe

Slave, and take an oath withal, which unless he took with a conscience that he would relish, he must either perjure or split his faith,—I thought better to prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing."[25]

In whatever line his objections lay, his youthful decisions seem to have been but little controlled by the exercise of parental authority; for in the beautiful lines which he addresses to his father, in the Latin language, he says:

> . . . Neque enim, Pater, ire jubebas
> Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri
> Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi;
> Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
> Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
> Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem
> Me, procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
> Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,
> Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.

In 1632 he left the University, and retired to his father's house at Horton,[26] in Buckinghamshire, making occasional visits to London to meet his friends, to buy books, or to learn something new in mathematics or music. Here he resided five years, passing his time in regular and severe study, for he is said to have read over all the Greek and Latin writers. Johnson says that "this account must be received with limitations;" but five years well

employed would leave few of the ancient authors unperused. I think Wyttenbach has mentioned his having read through Athenæus in fourteen days; and Joseph Scaliger has left on record the short time in which he finished both the Homeric poems. What, then, might not Milton's enthusiastic pursuit of knowledge and his unwearied industry perform? He says of himself at this time:

Et totum rapiunt, me, mea vita, libri.

In this studious retirement, and under the shelter of his paternal roof, it is believed that he wrote his Arcades, Comus, L'Allegro,[27] Il Penseroso, and Lycidas.[28] In the neighbourhood of Horton, the Countess Dowager of Derby resided, and the Arcades was performed by her grandchildren at their seat, called Harefield Place.[29] Was ever lady on her return to the hall of her ancestors crowned with such poetic garlands, or greeted by a welcome so elegant as this? Some of his letters to Charles Deodati give us interesting particulars of his studies and habits of life. "You well know," he says, "that I am naturally slow in writing, and averse to write. It is also in my favour that your method of study is such as to admit of frequent interruptions, in which you visit your friends, write letters, or go abroad; but it is my way to suffer no impediment, no love of ease, no avocation what-

ever, to chill the ardour, to break the continuity, or divert the completion of my literary pursuits." In a subsequent letter, the honourable ambition of his youthful mind opens itself without reserve to his familiar friend. "Hear me," he writes, "my Deodati, and suffer me, for a moment, to speak without blushing in a more lofty strain. Do you ask what I am meditating? By the help of Heaven, an immortality of fame. But what am I doing? Πτεροφῦω. I am letting my wings grow and preparing to fly, but my Pegasus has not yet feathers enough to soar aloft in the fields of air. . . . You shall likewise have some information respecting my studies. I went through the perusal of the Greek authors to the time when they ceased to be Greeks. I was long employed in unravelling the obscure history of the Italians under the Lombards, the Franks, and Germans, to the time when they received their liberty from Rodolphus, King of Germany."

To B. Bonmatthæi he writes of his proficiency in the richest and most melodious of modern tongues. "I who certainly have not merely wetted the tip of my lips in the stream of these languages, but, in proportion to my years, have swallowed the most copious draughts, can yet sometimes retire with avidity and delight to feast on Dante, Petrarch, and many others; nor has Athens itself

been able to confine me to the transparent wave of its Ilissus, nor ancient Rome to the banks of its Tiber, so as to prevent my visiting with delight the stream of the Arno and the hills of Fæsolæ."[30]

The Masque of Comus[31] was presented at Ludlow, in 1634, then the residence of the Lord President of Wales, and was acted by the Earl of Bridgewater's sons[32] and his young daughter, the Lady Alice Egerton. The story is said to have been founded on a circumstance that took place in the family of the earl not long before; and Milton wrote his Masque at the request of Henry Lawes, the celebrated musician.[33] Dr. Johnson observes that the fiction is derived from Homer's Circe, but later investigations have discovered a closer resemblance in the Comus of Erycius Puteanus, and the Old Wives' Tale of George Peele.[34] It is one of the most beautiful and, with the exception of a few passages, one of the most finished poems in our language.[35] It has the sweetness of Fletcher, with a richer structure of versification, more foreign idioms, more learned allusions, and a higher reach of fancy. It does not rise into all the wildness of the romantic fable, only because it is guarded and subdued by a chaste and elegant judgment. Sir Henry Wotton was peculiarly delighted, in the lyrical parts, with what he quaintly, but not incorrectly, calls "a certain doric deli-

cacy in the songs and odes." And Warburton speaks of the bright vein of its poetry, intermixed with a softness of description.[36,37] T. Warton observes that "Comus is a suite of speeches not interesting by discrimination of character, not conveying variety of incidents, nor gradually exciting curiosity; but perpetually attracting attention by sublime sentiment and fanciful imagery of the richest vein, by an exuberance of picturesque description, poetical allusion, and ornamental expression."[38] It is indeed a beautiful Pageant of Fancy.

In November, 1637, he wrote Lycidas, an elegy occasioned by the death of a young and very accomplished person, Mr. King, who was the friend of Milton, and a great favourite at Cambridge. Milton's poem was published at the end of a small volume of Elegies, with which the University honoured the memory of their student. Some of the songs of "Lycidas" I have read, for

> ... He well knew
> Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

They are, for the most part, complimentary effusions on the birth of the children of Charles the First; but I have discovered nothing that I could extract with advantage.[39] The beautiful monody of Lycidas shows an intimate acquaintance with the Italian metres, and to one poem, the Alcon[40] of

Balth. Castiglione, it is more peculiarly indebted for some of its imagery. It discovers also Milton's familiarity with our elder poets; and supported by the authority of Mantuan in his Bucolics, and his "Master Spenser,"[41] in similar allusions, it has mixed up with its pastoral beauties a stern and early avowal of his hostility to the Church.[42] The short but exquisitely beautiful poem called the Arcades was, as I have previously said, composed about this time; Milton wrote only the poetical part, the remainder probably consisted of prose and machinery.

Having completed his circle of study in the retirement of the country, Milton became anxious to enjoy the learned society and the refined amusements of town. "Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa Theatri." He writes to Deodati: "I will tell you seriously what I design. To take chambers in one of the inns of court, where I may have the benefit of a pleasant and shady walk, and where, with a few associates, I may enjoy more comfort when I choose to stay at home, and have a more elegant society when I choose to go abroad. In my present situation you know in what obscurity I am buried, and to what inconveniences I am exposed." His Seventh Elegy discovers that these shady[43] and suburban walks were enlivened by forms that made no light impression even on a scholar's heart.

Et modò quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum,
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis agor.
Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam;
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina Deûm conspicienda fuit.
Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat
Ablata est, oculis non reditura meis;
Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.

These plans of life were suddenly changed by his mother's death in 1637[44] (who was buried in Horton Church), and he then obtained his father's permission to go abroad. He left England in 1638, having previously obtained some directions for his travels from Sir Henry Wotton;[45] and as a presiding maxim of prudence and means of safety amid civil broils and spiritual dissensions, he was desired to recollect the following sentence, which that experienced statesman had himself received from old Alberti Scipione at Siena, a Roman courtier, who lived in times of danger, and had also impressed on other travellers: "I pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto."[46]

On his arrival at Paris, by the favour of Lord Scudamore he was presented to Grotius, then

residing at the French court, as ambassador from the celebrated queen of Sweden. Philips says that "Grotius took the visit kindly, and gave him entertainment suitable to his worth, and the high commendations he had heard of him." After a residence of a few days, he proceeded directly to Nice, and embarked for Genoa;[47] from thence he passed through Leghorn and Pisa in his way to Florence. Milton had studied the language and literature of Italy with peculiar diligence and success; and at Florence he found himself honourably received by the most enlightened persons,[48] as well as by the learned academicians. He formed a friendship with Gaddi, Carlo Dati,[49] Frescobaldi, Clementelli, and other ingenious scholars, whose names are well known in the literary history of the times. Dati presented him with an encomiastic inscription in Latin, and Francini with an Italian ode. A manuscript entitled "La Tina," by Antonio Malatesti,[50] was also dedicated to him while he was at Florence, by its author. His visit to the great and injured Galileo must not pass unnoticed. Most of the biographers of Milton have asserted that our poet visited the philosopher in prison; but the superior information of Mr. Walker has proved that Galileo was never a prisoner in the inquisition at Florence, but was confined at Rome and at Siena.[51] After his liberation he went to his villa at

Arcetri, where it is probable that Milton saw him.

From Florence he passed to Siena, and then to Rome, where he resided two months, experiencing the civilities and partaking the hospitality of the learned and the great. L. Holstenius, a laborious and eminent scholar, was at that time keeper of the Vatican Library. He introduced Milton to Cardinal Barberini,[52] who was "the peculiar guardian or patron of the English;" and who at a musical entertainment waited for our youthful poet at the door, and presented him with respect to the company.[53] Milton speaks of the cardinal as one "cujus magnæ virtutes, rectique studium ad provocandas item omnes artes liberales egregie comparatum, semper mihi ob oculos versatur." Salselli and Selvaggi[54] praised him in some commonplace verses (yet the best, I suppose, which they could give), and wherever he went admiration and esteem accompanied him.

From Rome he passed on to Naples, in company with a hermit, to whom he owed his introduction to Manso, Marquis of Villa, a nobleman of distinguished rank and fortune (who had supported a military character with high reputation), of unblemished morals, a polite scholar, and known to posterity as the friend, the patron, and the biographer of Tasso.[55] To him Milton addressed a beautiful Latin poem, in which he expresses his

hope, if he could find such a friend and patron as Manso, of celebrating in verse the exploits of King Arthur and his Knights.

> Siquando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges
> Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem,
> Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
> Magnanimos heroas, et (O modò spiritus adsit)
> Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges!

Dr. Johnson very justly says that this poem must have raised a high opinion of English elegance and literature among the scholars of Italy.

From Naples he intended to visit Sicily and Greece; but he now heard of the commencement of the quarrel between the king and the Parliament; and he thought it his duty to hasten home, where his countrymen were contending for their rights, rather than to pursue the enjoyments of more extended travel. "Turpe enim existimabam, dum mei cives de libertate dimicarent, me animi causâ, otiose peregrinari." He returned by way of Rome, though some merchants had informed him of the enmity of the Jesuits on account of his freedom of conversation; and Manso was withheld from showing him some favours by the opinions which Milton had too openly expressed on religious questions. Sir Henry Wotton's advice (a "Delphian Oracle, for so I have found it"), though neglected, was now seen to be prudent and wise;

but we may conceive that, in those times, it was difficult to withhold opinions on subjects so much agitated, affecting the temporal interests of some, and awakening the spiritual alarm of others. The schism between the churches was comparatively fresh. The Church of Rome reluctantly beheld a great and growing kingdom rescued from her avarice and power.[56] In the freedom of opinion and by the discussion of rights, she saw her safety endangered, or her splendour diminished. She had fostered for her protection a body of men the most politic, and deep in worldly wisdom, whose existence depended on her prosperity. We shall not therefore be surprised if a young and zealous Protestant, who could not well endure the ecclesiastical establishment of his own country, simple and moderate as it was, should give offence when expressing his feelings in the inmost bosom of the Papal Church, in the verge of the Vatican, and under the very chair of St. Peter himself. He says, speaking of his conduct whilst in Italy:[57] "I laid it down as a rule for myself, never to begin a conversation on religion in these parts, but if interrogated concerning my faith, whatever might be the consequence, to dissemble nothing. If any one attacked me, I defended in the most open manner, as before, the orthodox faith for nearly two months more, in the city even of the sovereign Pontiff."[58]

In an album of a Neapolitan nobleman, Camillo Cerdogni, residing at Genoa from 1608 to 1640, among other inscriptions of Englishmen, as well as of foreigners, is the following of Milton, written in his own strong clear hand:

> If virtue feeble were,
> Heaven itself would stoope to her.
>
> Cælum non animum muto, qui trans mare curro.

Jan. 10, 1639. JOANNES MILTONIUS, ANGLUS.

Presuming that the distich from Comus, as well as the Latin verse from Horace, applies to himself, and that they bear reference to the same subject, we may suppose that subject to be his religion, which he here affirms to be unalterable, and that if it were attacked, Heaven would lend its support to those who defended it. This autograph is not only an interesting memorial of the Poet, but a confirmation of his decision and resolution in matters connected with the religion of the reformed church, if we have rightly interpreted the intent of the lines. In the same volume is the autograph of Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Lord Strafford, both then in the brilliant morning of their lives; both pursuing in youthful emulation the arts of peace; both wandering in the enchanted Land of Song, enriching their minds with all the ancient or modern muse could bestow; one as yet guiltless

of trampling on the liberties of his afflicted country, and one who had not then earned the noble pre-eminence of standing forth as the unbought champion of her injured rights. Perhaps the following passage may be considered as a just commentary on the poetry: "In all the places in which vice meets with so little discouragement, and is protected with so little shame, I never once turned from the path of integrity and virtue, and perpetually reflected that though my conduct might escape the notice of men, it could not elude the inspection of God."

Milton stayed about two months at Rome, and pursued his journey without molestation to Florence. He then visited Lucca, and spent a month at Venice. There he shipped for England the collection of books and music[59] which he had formed, and travelled to Geneva, which, Johnson observes, he probably considered as the metropolis of orthodoxy.

At Geneva he became acquainted with John Deodati[60] and Frederick Spanheim, the father of the eminently learned scholar and antiquary, whom Milton subsequently knew. He now passed through France, and returned home after an absence of fifteen months. Of his habitual purity of morals and sanctity of character, when abroad, he has himself informed us in the words I lately quoted: "Deum

hic rursus testem in vocem, me his omnibus in locis ubi tum multa licent, ab omni flagitio ac Probro, integrum atque intactum vixisse, illud perpetuo cogitantem, si hominum latere oculos possem, Dei certe non posse."

On his return he heard of the death of Charles Deodati,[61] and he has recorded the affection which he felt for his friend, in the Epitaphium Damonis.

> Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
> Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe.
> Ast ubi mens expleta domum pecorisque relicti
> Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,
> Tum verò amissum, tum denique, sentit amicum.[62]

Some passages in this poem are borrowed from the Aminta of Tasso; a few more lines, alluding to his recent travels, I shall quote.

> Heu! quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
> Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam?
> Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam
> (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim
> Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit),
> Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
> Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
> Tot silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes?
> Ah! certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
> Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
> Et dixisse "Vale! nostri memor ibis ad astra."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
> Murmura, populeumque nemus, quà mollior herba,

Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!

In these verses[63] he repeats his design of writing an epic poem on some part of the ancient British history. Dr. Johnson has observed that this "poem is written with the common but childish imitation of pastoral life."[64] As it is not, however, intended deeply to move the sources of our sympathy, or to come across a strong and recent sorrow,[65] but to express, as in Lycidas, in a pleasing and gentle manner, the poet's affection and regret—the pastoral veil, in imitation of ancient poetry and of later Italian models, is not inelegantly assumed. Besides, as Warton observes, "the common topics are recommended by a novelty of elegant expression; some passages wander far beyond the bounds of bucolic song, and are in his own original style of the more sublime poetry." He might speak of its purpose as he does in his Prolusions (page 91) of the Province of History: "Nunc inquietos animi tumultus sedet et componit, nunc delibatum gaudio reddit, mox evocat lacrymas, sed mites eas, et quæ mœstæ nescio quid voluptatis secum afferat."

Milton's return to England took place about the time of Charles's second expedition against the Scots, in which his forces were defeated by General Lesly, in the month of August, 1639, and therefore not long before the meeting of the Long

Parliament. In a Bible, once in the possession of Mr. Blackburn, and which is supposed to have been the companion of Milton's travels, are some manuscript remarks, dated Canterbury, 1639, among which is a quotation from First Maccabees XIV. 16: "Now when it was heard at Rome, and as far as Sparta, that Jonathan was dead, they were very sorry."

> When that day of death shall come,
> Then shall nightly shades prevaile.
> Soon shall love and music faile;
> Soon the fresh turfe's tender blade
> Shall flourish on my sleeping shade.

Of the authenticity of these remarks, and of the book having been the property of Milton, reasonable doubts have been entertained; but I consider it my duty not to pass over in silence a circumstance which has been recorded and credited by the most industrious and inquisitive among the biographers of the Poet.[66,67]

He now hired a lodging in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet-street, at the house of one Russel, a tailor, and undertook the education of his two nephews, John and Edward Philips.[68] Finding his rooms inconvenient, and not large enough for his books, he soon removed into a handsome garden house in Aldersgate-street, free from the noise and disturbance of passengers,[69] and received some of

his friends' sons to be instructed and educated by him. His father was still living, the allowance which he received was small, and he supplied its deficiencies by a respectable employment. The expense of his travels, to which he has alluded in one of his tracts, probably rendered it necessary for him to abstain from pressing more deeply on the limited resources of his father. "My life," he says, "has not been unexpensive, in learning and voyaging about." The Aubrey Letters mention that Milton went to the university at his own charges only, but in his Latin epistle to his father, he says:

> . . . Tuo, pater optime, sumptu
> Cum mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
> Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant
> Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
> Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit, &c.

The system of education which he adopted was deep and comprehensive,—it promised to teach science with language, or rather to make the study of languages subservient to the acquisition of scientific knowledge. Dr. Johnson has severely censured this method of instruction, but with arguments that might not unsuccessfully be met. The plan recommended by the authority of Milton seems to be chiefly liable to objection from

being too extensive; and while it makes authors of all ages contribute to the development of science, it must reject that careful selection which can alone secure the proper cultivation of the taste. We may also reply to Johnson that although all men are not designed to be astronomers or geometricians, a knowledge of the principles on which the sciences are built, and the reasonings by which they are conducted, not only forms the most exact discipline which the mind can undergo, giving to it comprehension and vigour, but is the only solid basis on which an investigation of the laws of nature can be conducted, or those arts improved that tend to the advantage of society and the happiness of mankind. Johnson says, we are not placed here to watch the planets or the motion of the stars, but to do good. But good is done in various ways, according to opportunities offered and abilities conferred. A man whose natural disposition or the circumstances of whose education lead him to pursue astronomical discoveries or the sublime speculations of geometry, is emphatically doing good to others, as he is extending the boundaries of knowledge, and to himself, as he is directing the energies of his mind to subjects of the most exalted contemplation.

But if the word "good" is restricted to the performance of charitable actions or the fulfilment

of moral duties, we may ask, what opposition is there between the practice of virtue and the pursuit of science? Every man is bound by the laws of God and the design of his creation to do good: for this purpose was he placed here; but are men of science therefore unfitted for the performance of their civil and religious duties, are they on account of their enlargement of mind or their sublime speculations less virtuous, less self-denying, or less benevolent than others? Is not their occupation itself almost a school of virtue? Lessons of civil wisdom and maxims of prudential conduct will be learnt by all; and is not a man eminently doing good, who is subduing the wild powers of nature under the dominion of skill, diminishing the extent of human suffering, or dissipating ignorance?—like Franklin disarming the lightning of its fires, or like Watt binding an element of tremendous power into a safe and commodious form, whose future effects on the social system of the world even the eye of "trembling Hope" dares not follow. The philosopher whose discoveries in science can facilitate the communication between distant nations, and carry the arts of civilized life into the bosom of the desert, may well be called the benefactor of mankind; and what fatal delusions may have been expelled by him, who could first calculate with precision the regularity of the

comet's return? The most abstract and exalted departments of science are the foundation of those inventions that are of practical benefit and vulgar use.[70]

To a knowledge of the Greek and Latin writers,[71] Milton added a cultivation of the Eastern languages, the Chaldee, Syriack, and Hebrew. He made his pupils "go through the Pentateuch and gain an entrance into the Targum;" nor were the best Italian and French authors forgotten. "One part of his method," says Johnson, "deserves general imitation,—he was careful to instruct his scholars in religion. Every Sunday was spent upon theology, of which he dictated a short scheme gathered from the writers that were then fashionable in the Dutch universities." The Medulla Theologiæ of William Ames,[72] a Puritan, and the Compendium Theologiæ of Wollebius were the books used. Pearce has observed that Fagius was Milton's favourite annotator on the Bible.

Once in three or four weeks he relaxed from his spare diet and hard study, and passed a day of indulgence with some young sparks of his acquaintance, the chief of whom, his nephew says, "were Mr. Alphry and Mr. Miller, the beaux of those times, but nothing near so bad as those nowadays; with these gentlemen he made so far bold with his body, as now and then to keep a gaudy day."

I am now to pass to that period of Milton's life in which he first engaged in the controversies of the times, and published a Treatise on Reformation, in 1641, in two books, against the bishops[73] and Established Church; "being willing," he says, "to help the Puritans, who were inferior to the Prelates in learning." In this, his earliest publication in prose, he throws out a hint of something like his great poem, that might hereafter be expected from him.[74] "Then amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of Saints, some one may perhaps be heard offering at high strains, in new and lofty measures to sing, and celebrate thy divine mercies, and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages."

In 1641 Hall, Bishop of Norwich, a learned, witty, and eloquent writer, at the request of Laud published An Humble Remonstrance in Favour of Episcopacy, and the king expressed himself much gratified with this work. Five ministers, under the title of Smectymnuus[75] (a word formed from the first letters of their names), wrote an answer, of which the learned and venerable Archbishop Usher[76] published a confutation, called The Apostolical Institution of Episcopacy. To this confutation Milton replied in his Treatise of Prelatical Episcopacy. The point at issue was the divine or human origin of episcopacy, as a peculiar order in the Church,

invested with spiritual rights and powers, distinct in kind, and preëminent in degree. He added to this reply another performance, called The Reason of Church Government[77] urged against Prelacy. Bishop Hall published a defence of the Humble Remonstrance, well written and closely argued, and Milton wrote animadversions upon it. These treatises were published in the year 1641.[78] It was in his Reason of Church Government that he discovered, as Johnson observes, his high opinion of his own powers, and promised to undertake something that may be of service and honour to his country. "This," he said, "was not to be obtained but by devout prayer to the Eternal Spirit, that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs, till which in some measure be compassed, I refuse not to sustain this expectation." "From a promise like this," says his biographer, "at once fervid, pious, and rational, might be expected the Paradise Lost."

In 1642 he closed the controversy which I have mentioned, by an Apology for Smectymnuus, in answer to the confutation of his animadversions, written, as he supposed, by Bishop Hall or his

son. His friendship for Young[79] probably led him into the field of controversy; for he owns that he "was not disposed to this manner of writing, wherein knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account it, but of my left hand." "Weapons," says one of his biographers, "more effectual than pens were now drawn against the Church, and exposed by the injudicious conduct of some of its prelates, it fell under the assault. If argument and reason could have prevailed, the result would have been different. The learning of Usher and the wit of Hall certainly preponderated in the contest,-and they seem to have been felt not only by the Smectymnuan divines, but by Milton himself. If the Church at this crisis could have been upheld by the ability of her sons, it would have been supported by those admirable prelates; but numbers, exasperation, and enthusiasm were against them."[80]

The main purpose which Milton had in view in these different publications was to alter the Episcopal form of the Church, and to assimilate it to the simpler and, as he deemed, the apostolical model of the reformed churches in other countries; to join with them in exactness of discipline, as we do in purity of doctrine. But as in these churches the Presbyterian discipline was united to a repub-

lican form of government, he therefore attempts to prove that the existence of the hierarchy adds nothing to the security or the proper splendour of the throne; that the fall of Prelacy could not shake the least fringe that borders the royal canopy. He denies the apostolical institution of bishops, and, as he argues for the greatest degree of honest liberty in religion, as in other institutions, he urges that prelacy is the natural agent and minister of tyranny. He advocates the sweetest and mildest manner of paternal discipline, the independent ministry of each congregation; and he wishes the Angel of the Gospel to ride on his way, doing his proper business, conquering the high thoughts and proud reasonings of the flesh. "As long as the church," he says, "in true imitation of Christ, can be content to ride upon an ass, carrying herself and her government along in a mean and simple guise, she may be, as she is, a lion of the tribe of Judah, and in her humility all men will, with loud hosannahs, confess her greatness." When his opponents urged the learning of the university and the clergy, he said that "God will not suffer true learning to be wanting, when true grace and obedience to him abounds; for if he give us to know him aright, and to practise this our knowledge in right established discipline, how much more will he replenish us with all abilities in tongues and

arts, that may conduce to his glory and our good. He can stir up rich fathers to bestow exquisite education on their children, and to dedicate them to the service of the Gospel. He can make the sons of nobles his ministers, and princes to be his Nazarites."

That Milton engaged in the heat and dust of these great controversial questions, from motives of conscience and with intentions upright and pure, no one can reasonably doubt, but they were alien from his elegant and learned pursuits;[81] they were scarcely congenial to his age; and himself, as well as his brethren whom he defended, were inferior to Bishop Hall in theological learning and in controversial skill. That learned prelate's victory over Smectymnuus was complete.[82]

Milton's father came now to reside in his son's house.[83] Philips says of him: "The old gentleman lived wholly retired to his rest and devotion, without the least trouble imaginable." At Whitsuntide, in 1643, in his thirty-fifth year, Milton married Mary, the daughter of Mr. Richard Powell, of Forest Hill, a justice of the peace in Oxfordshire.[84] After an absence of little more than a month, he brought his bride to town with him, and hoped, as Johnson observes, to enjoy the advantages of a conjugal life; but spare diet, and hard study, and a house full of pupils did not suit the young and

gay daughter of a Cavalier.[85] She had been brought up in very different society; so having lived for a month a philosophic life, after having been used at home to a great house[86] and much company and joviality, her friends, possibly by her own desire, made earnest suit to have her company the remaining part of the summer, which was granted upon a promise of her return at Michaelmas. When Michaelmas came, the lady had no inclination to quit the hospitality and delights of her father's mansion for the austerer habits and seclusion of the Poet's study. Surrounded with powerful friends, in the company of the gay and fascinating cavaliers, and protected by the paternal roof, she showed her dislike of the dulness and restraint of a scholar's wife, by proclaiming her unwillingness to return. Aubrey says: "No company came to her, and she often heard her nephew cry and be beaten." Milton sent repeated letters to her, which were all unanswered; and a messenger, who was despatched to urge her return, was dismissed with contempt.[87] A resistance so pertinacious and illegal as this must have rested on some grounds that were at least imagined favourable to the conduct of the wife. We must, therefore, refer to the unsettled situation of the kingdom, by which the authority of the laws was weakened, and obedience imperfectly enforced; and we must recol-

lect that at the time when she refused to return to her husband's roof, the king, with all his forces, was quartered in the neighbouring city of Oxford; that her family was of course associating with the gay and licentious adherents of the monarch; that "living in the camp of the enemy," she must have been in the daily habit of hearing hatred, scorn, and contempt uttered against the party whose sentiments were so strongly adopted by her husband; that a prospect of success now dawned upon the fortunes of the king; and, looking at the apparent interests of the family, considering her wavering or alienated affections, and interpreting fairly the language of Philips, we may presume that had the side of the royalists been victorious, the marriage with the Puritan husband would have been cancelled or concealed.

Milton, whose mind was never given to half measures, resolved immediately to repudiate her on the ground of disobedience; and to support the propriety and lawfulness of his conduct, he published, at first anonymously, in 1644, The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce,[88] and the next year he printed his Tetrachordon, or expositions on the four chief places of Scripture which treat on marriage. His last tract, Colasterion, was an answer to a pamphlet recommended by Mr. Joseph Caryll,[89]

the author of a Commentary on Job, and a Presbyterian divine. The author was anonymous, but Milton calls him a "serving-man both by nature and function, an idiot by breeding, and a solicitor by presumption."

In this treatise, Dr. Symmons thinks that Milton has made out a strong case, and fights with arguments not easily to be repelled;[90] and Mr. Godwin says that "the books on divorce are written with the most entire knowledge of the subject, and with a clearness and strength of argument that it would be difficult to excel; and it must be remembered that Selden wrote his Uxor Hebraica on the same side of the question." Without entering into the intricacies of so great an argument, I shall content myself with saying that all the ingenuity of Milton and the learning of Selden are of no avail against the acknowledged experience of society, which seems to have silently consented to the wisdom of the established law. Tempers once deemed incompatible may gradually assimilate. The interests of children, the advancement of fortune, the respect of society, moral principle, religious feeling, the force of habit, the remembrance of past friendship, and the obligations of a common interest, are all assisting the reconciliation of wedded discontent. Incompatibility of temper cannot be submitted to legal proof or deter-

mined by any unerring standard. Will it not therefore be often advanced to cover the wishes of inconstancy or the desires of impurity? Does not legal separation allow all that is necessary in extreme cases of insufferable evil? Is an incompatible temper to be advanced as the cause of one divorce, or may it release from a succession of imprudent engagements? Milton's courtship was apparently sudden and short, and no one can be much surprised at the disagreements that followed; but it appears that he lived in happiness with his wife after their romantic reconciliation. Hence the divorce, at one time so much desired, would probably have destroyed, if granted, the future happiness of both parties; and it is doubtful whether that of the husband, after he had shaken off his conjugal fetters, would have been increased: for he may have escaped a remorse which at some future time, and in some considerate moments, he might have felt, when he considered that in his choleric frenzy he had visited too heavily the foolish levity of a young, gay, and inexperienced woman, perhaps misled or overruled; that he had offended the feelings of society, and he might not perhaps have felt quite satisfied in his cooler moments of the unanswerable cogency of his arguments.

There is one passage in this treatise in which

Milton clearly points to himself and to the presumed causes of his unhappiness. "The soberest and best governed men," he says, "are least practised in these affairs; and who knows not that the bashful muteness of a virgin may oftentimes hide all the unliveliness and natural sloth which is really unfit for conversation, nor is there that freedom of access granted or presumed, as may suffice to a perfect discerning till too late; and when any indisposition is suspected, what more usual than the persuasion of friends, that acquaintance as it increases, will amend all; and lastly, is it not strange that many who have spent their youth chastely, are in some things not so quick-sighted, while they haste too eagerly to light the nuptial torch? Nor is it therefore for a modest error, that a man should forfeit so great a happiness, and no charitable means to relieve him. Since they who have lived most loosely, by reason of their bold accustoming, prove most successful in their matches, because their wild affections unsettling at will, have been as so many divorces to teach them experience. Whereas the sober man honouring the appearance of modesty, and hoping well of every social virtue under that veil, may easily chance to meet if not with a body impenetrable, yet often with a mind to all other due conversation inaccessible, and to all the more estimable and superior

purposes of matrimony useless, and almost lifeless; and what a solace, what a fit help, such a consort would be through the whole life of a man, is less pain to conjecture, than to have experience." We may, I think, without the imputation of an unjust severity, consider that to her husband, at least, she was a dull uninviting companion, without mental powers or attractive affection, without conversation and without love; for he speaks again "of a mute and spiritless mate;" and again, "if he shall find himself bound fast to an image of earth and phlegm, with whom he looked to be the co-partner of a sweet and gladsome society." These observations will, I think, put us in possession of his wife's "fair defects" and the causes of the separation; and we may reasonably conclude that Milton was suffering, to use an expression of Sterne's, from the poetic indiscretion of his own passions.[91]

Whoever differs from Milton in the inferences which he draws, and the doctrine which he advocates, must yet allow that these Treatises on Divorce are written with the command of scriptural learning, with many ingenious explanations of the intent of the divine laws and human institutions, and with a force of argument sometimes difficult to resist. The whole is composed with uncommon zeal and earnestness, and conveys the sentiments of one who feels his own important

interests are at issue. The causes of dislike in this little month of wedlock must have struck deep root, for he alludes much to rash, sudden, and mistaken choices. He urges the justice of divorce in cases where "a violent hatred in matrimony has arisen, yet not sinful, irksome, grievous, obstinately hateful, and injurious even to hostility." He speaks of invincible antipathies, when the work of sorrow lasts, till death unharness them; and upon the ground that such matches in this misery are insufferable, unalterable, and without hope or prospect of termination, he claims the power of release from his unequal yoke. That his whole argument hinges on his own case, no one who reads these tracts can reasonably doubt; and that his sorrows were seen through an exaggerating medium seems hardly less clear. His own experience is the best refutation of his work. His marriage, though clouded over in its rise, and portending storms and sorrows and strife, ended, as we believe, in the smiles of renewed affection, in conjugal endearments and continued love; and we must also recollect that Milton had lived but one short month with his wife when this eternal aversion, this perpetuity of hatred, this radical discord of nature, were declared.[92, 93]

That this doctrine was received with neglect or ridicule is evident from a passage in Howell's

Letters. Herbert Palmer denounced it in a sermon preached before the Lords and Commons on a day of humiliation. "When the Romans," says Gibbon, "appointed a peculiar goddess to hear the complaints of married life, her name, Viriplaca, clearly indicates on which side interference was required."[94] In Walpole's Noble Authors I find this notice: "George Booth Earl of Wartington. 'Considerations on Marriage and Divorce, 1739.' It is an argument for Divorce on Disagreement of Temper." There are, however, in all societies some to whom every paradox is acceptable, and who rejoice in believing themselves superior to the settled opinions of mankind. By them it was greedily adopted, and they were named divorcers, or Miltonists.[95] The Presbyterian clergy, then holding their assembly in Westminster, were much offended, and procured the author to be summoned before the House of Lords; "but the house," says Wood, "whether approving the doctrine, or not favouring his accusers, did soon dismiss him." The Lords probably considered the doctrines advanced as too wild and speculative to produce any practical mischief. Milton wished he had not written the work in English. "Vellem hoc tantum sermone vernaculo me non scripsisse, non enim in vernas lectores incidissem, quibus solemne est sua bona ignorare, aliorum mala irridere." On this confession

it is plain that the work was viewed as an apology and defence of himself. In Bishop Hall's Cases of Conscience I have met with an allusion to this work of Milton's, not noticed by his biographers.[96] "I have heard too much of, and once saw, a licentious pamphlet thrown abroad in these lawless times in the defence and encouragement of Divorces, not to be sued out (that solemnity needed not), but to be arbitrarily given by the disliking husband to his displeasing and unquiet wife; upon this ground principally, that marriage was instituted for the help and comfort of man: where, therefore, the match proves such as that the wife doth but pull down by her aside, and innate peevishness, and either sullen, or pettish and proud disposition, brings rather discomfort to her husband, the end of marriage being hereby frustrate, why should it not, saith he, be in the husband's power (after some unprevailing means of reclamation attempted) to procure his own peace by casting off this clog; and to provide for his own peace and contentment in a fitter match? I must seriously profess that when I first did cast my eyes upon the front of the book, I supposed some great wit meant to try his skill in the maintenance of this so wild and improbable a paradox, but ere I could have run over some of those too well penned pages, I found the author was in earnest, and meant seriously to

contribute this piece of good counsel in way of reformation to the wise and seasonable care of superiors. I cannot but blush for our age, wherein so bold a motion hath been amongst others admitted to the light. What will all the Christian Churches through the world, to whose notice those lines shall come, think of our woeful degeneration in these deplored times, that so uncouth a design should be set on foot amongst us?"[97]

The golden reins of discipline and government in the Church being now let loose, Milton proceeded to put in practice the doctrine which he had advocated, and seriously paid his addresses to a very accomplished and beautiful young lady, the daughter of Doctor Davis.[98] The lady, however, hesitated, and was not easily to be persuaded into the lawfulness of the proposal; which fortunately terminated in effecting a happy reconciliation with the offending and discarded wife.

He went sometimes to visit a relation, one Blackborough, who lived in the lane of St. Martin's-le-grand, and at one of these visits he was surprised to see his wife come from an inner room, throw herself on her knees before him, and implore forgiveness. Fenton has elegantly conjectured that Milton had this interview in his mind when, in the fourth book of Paradise Lost, he describes that penitent supplication of Eve, and the

reconcilement and forgiveness of Adam. It may be so; for the incident was too affecting and important ever to be forgotten; and it possessed something in its singular and romantic character that might easily pass in a mind like his into a transcript of poetical beauty. It is said that he was for some time inexorable; "but partly," says his nephew, "his own generous nature, more inclinable to reconciliation than to perseverance in anger or revenge, and partly the strong intercession of friends on both sides, soon brought him to an act of oblivion, and a firm league of peace." It was the forgiveness of a good and generous mind, for he behaved ever after to her with affection, and received all her family into his house[99] when their seat was seized by the rebels, and they were obliged, at a ruinous expense, to compound for their estate.[100] Mr. Powell is said to have lost by the wars above three thousand pounds, and to have died above fifteen hundred pounds in debt, leaving a widow and nine children. The dowry of a thousand pounds promised to Milton with his wife remained unpaid at his death. On Mrs. Anne Powell's petition[101] to the commissioners for her thirds, the following observations were made: "Mr. Milton is a harsh and choleric man, and married Mr. Powell's daughter, who would be undone if any such course were taken against him by Mrs. Powell;

he having turned away his wife heretofore for a long space, upon some other occasion (*var.* a small occasion)."[102] Milton, it appears, having discharged the fine upon Mr. Powell's estate, had succeeded to the possession of it; and his mother-in-law, by petition, was anxious to recover her thirds, which she was afraid to press for by suit.

In 1644, at the request of Hartlib, he published his Tractate on Education, and his Areopagitica, or Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.[103] The plan developed in the former tract must, I am afraid, be considered as little less than a splendid dream, a noble outline of a theory too magnificent to be realized. What is promised in the time allowed could not possibly be performed. While Milton is projecting the mastery of every science, the attainment of so many languages, acquaintance with such various authors; is moving over the extensive circle of his studies, and piling up his structure of education even to its turrets and pinnacles; the humbler plan which experience has approved is content with laying deep its foundations during the years of youth, in acquiring habits of accurate reasoning, in cultivating correct taste, and in learning those sound principles of philosophy which may hereafter be developed and directed into various channels. What Milton professes to complete in a few years, the old system

is contented to commence; one is only planting the tree and fertilizing the soil, the other is already reposing under its shade and feeding on its fruits.[104]

The Areopagitica is, on the whole, one of the finest productions in prose from Milton's pen. For vigour and eloquence of style, unconquerable force of argument, majesty and richness of language, it is not to be surpassed. "Milton was the first defender, let it be remembered, in Europe, of a free press and an unfettered conscience." Doctor Johnson considers the argument which it discusses to be of very difficult solution. I shall content myself with observing, that the liberty of the press is the basis of all other,[105] and that when a nation becomes sufficiently enlightened to demand the removal of the restrictions which have been imposed when governments were arbitrary and the people ignorant, the correction of the evils attendant on its liberty must be found, not in the punishment of the offenders, but in the good sense and moral feeling of the community. "Any attempt," says a learned prelate, in one of his charges to the clergy, "to suppress, or even to check, the spirit of inquiry which is abroad in the world would not only be a vain and fruitless attempt, but a violation of the indefeasible liberty of the human mind, and an interference with its natural constitution. To impart to that spirit a right devotion, to

sanctify it with holy motives, to temper it to righteous purposes, to shape it to ends which lie beyond the limits of this beginning of our existence, will be the endeavour of those who desire to make the cultivation of intellect conduce to moral improvement, and to establish the Kingdom of Christ at once in the understandings and affections of mankind." It is in this way that virtue is stronger than vice, that truth triumphs over falsehood, and law is superior to offence. Johnson's observation that "if every skeptic in theology may teach his follies, there can be no religion,"[106] falls to the ground when it is remembered that our religion was born amid disbelief and doubt, and has grown up and increased among every variety of heresy and form of skepticism that the ingenuity of man could devise. Hume's famous argument that was to be the touchstone of truth has only served to establish the force of testimony and to confirm the credibility of miracles. "The Christian Church," says a late pious and enlightened author, "has never been in so great danger as when it has continued for any time in a state of unruffled prosperity. The exertion of sects, &c., are naturally inseparable from the nature of imperfect intelligence, but of benefit to religion itself; and while the Bible continues to be the authorized standard of Faith, they can be of no material prejudice. If it be of man, it will come

to naught; but if it be of God, he cannot overthrow it, nor need we fear evil from it. I respect even the errors of the conscientious Christian, and feel the impossibility of a perfect unison of sentiment in rational beings who think for themselves."[107]

In 1645 Milton collected his early poems, Latin and English, for the press; in which the Allegro[108] and Penseroso appeared for the first time. Of the picturesque imagery, the musical versification, and the brilliant language of these poems, praise too high cannot be heard. They have all the pastoral beauties and sweet descriptions of our elder poets, embellished and heightened by a richer style and a more refined combination. It has been more than once observed that these poems, short as they are, have collected in one splendid view all that can be said on their respective subjects.[109]

Moseley, the publisher, says in his preface that "the poems of Spenser, in these English ones, are as nearly imitated as sweetly excelled." It is to this edition that the portrait by Marshall is prefixed, which so much displeased Milton; and which has transformed the youthful bard into a puritanical gentleman of fifty; it is the first published portrait of the Poet.[110]

In 1647, as the relations of his wife had gradually left him, he removed into a smaller house in Holborn, which opened backward into Lincoln's

Inn Fields, and continued the instruction of a few scholars, chiefly the sons of gentlemen his friends. That there ever was a design of making him an adjutant-general in the army of Sir William Waller may be doubted; for Philips has expressed his belief doubtfully, and Waller was considered at that time the leader of the Presbyterians, between whom and our Poet no amity could now exist.

His next publication, in 1648-9, was the Tenure of Kings and Magistrates.[111] This was occasioned by the outcry of the Presbyterians against the death of Charles;[112] whereas Milton proves that they who so much condemned deposing were the men themselves that deposed the king, and "cannot, with all their shifting and relapsing, wash the guiltiness off their own hands: for they themselves, by their late doings, have made it guiltiness, and turned their own warrantable actions into rebellion." He then pushes on his arguments against them till he shows that they not only deposed, but how much they did toward the killing, the king. "Have they not levied wars against him, whether offensive or defensive (for defence in war equally offends, and most prudently beforehand), and given commission to slay when they knew his person could not be exempt from danger? And if chance or flight had not saved him, how often had they killed him, directing their artillery without blame or prohi-

bition to the very place where they saw him stand. Have they not sequestered him, judged or unjudged, and converted his revenue to other uses, detaining from him as a grand delinquent, all means of livelihood, so that for them long since he might have perished or starved? Have they not hunted or pursued him round the kingdom with sword and fire? Have they not besieged him, and to their power forbad him water and fire, save what they shot against him to the hazard of his life? Yet while they thus assaulted and endangered it with hostile deeds, they swore in words to defend it with his crown and dignity," &c. Not long after, he wrote his Observations on the Articles of Peace between the Earl of Ormond and the Irish rebels.

But though Milton in his writings discussed those measures which he considered important to the public welfare, his life was strictly private, passed with his scholars and among his studies; and his History of England was just commenced when, without any solicitation, he was invited[113] by the council of the state to be their secretary for foreign tongues. They had resolved to employ the Latin language in their correspondence with other nations; and no man more eminently skilled in the knowledge of it than Milton could at that time probably have been found.

Bishop Newton wishes this example had been

followed; but I must express my doubts whether diplomatic correspondence could be carried on through the medium of the Latin tongue with the facility or the precision that would be now required. It surely is better that every nation should express itself in its own idioms, than to attempt to make an ancient language convey new varieties of opinion and new modifications of thought. Modern languages are constantly borrowing from each other to supply those minute shades of meaning and to express those refined and subtle ideas that have arisen in the progress of knowledge, and that have been brought from more advanced habits and more complicated structures of society. To effect this with a language that has long been removed from use is surely to encumber oneself with unnecessary difficulties, and to prefer the less commodious vehicle of reasoning.[114]

In 1649-50 it was ordered by the council that "Mr. Milton do prepare something in answer to the book of Salmasius, and when he hath done it bring it to the council." Previously, however, to this, he had written his answer[115] to the Icon Basilike—it is supposed by a verbal command: for no written order of the council to that effect has been found. The grievous charge of having, in conjunction with Bradshaw, interpolated the book of the king[116] with a prayer taken from Sydney's Arcadia,

and then of imputing the use of the prayer to the monarch as a heavy crime, has been clearly and completely refuted.

It appears that the private prayers of the king were delivered by him to Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, immediately before his death, and on the scaffold; that they were added to some of the earlier impressions of the Icon; that the prayer was adopted by the king from the Arcadia,—a book that he delighted to read,[117]—and that Juxon would not have been silent had the prayer been inserted by the enemies of his lamented monarch to calumniate his memory.

We must now pass on to the celebrated controversy with Salmasius.[118] Charles the Second employed that great scholar to write a defence of his monarchy, and to vindicate his father's memory; to stimulate his industry, it is said,[119] a hundred Jacobuses were given to him. Since the death of the illustrious younger Scaliger, no scholar had acquired the reputation of Salmasius; partly, as Johnson asserted, for his skill in emendatory criticism,—in which, however, he was equalled by some of his contemporaries,—but especially for his great knowledge of antiquity, the multiplicity of his attainments, and his immense research in ancient languages.[120] His Commentary on Solinus and his treatise De re Hellenistica are imperishable

monuments of his fame. Grotius alone could compete with him; and if Grotius were at all inferior—which I know not—in the extent of his information, he far excelled Salmasius in the correctness of his judgment, the distribution of his knowledge, and the more luminous arrangement of his erudition. Grotius was an elegant poet and an enlightened philosopher, as well as a profound scholar; and the names of these two illustrious men were in commendation not often disjoined. Selden speaks of Grotius "as the greatest, the chief of men," and of Salmasius as "most admirable;" to whom he wished much more to be like than to be the most eminent person for riches and honour in the world; and Cardinal Richelieu declared that Bignonius, Grotius, and Salmasius were the only persons of that age whom he looked upon as arrived at the highest pitch of learning. The learned Gataker considered him worthy of the appellation bestowed on Picus Mirandula, "The miracle of the age he lived in."[121] Such was the antagonist whom Milton had been commanded to meet. The work which the exiled monarch required from the critic was probably somewhat beyond the circle of his studies; he wrote also on the unpopular side; and some among his friends neither admired the motive nor anticipated the success of his undertaking,[122] for Salmasius was himself a Presbyterian,

and had written against Episcopacy. Hobbes says he is "unable to decide whose language is best, or whose argument worst," and certainly the question is too often lost sight of in discussing the niceties of verbal construction,[123] or in personal altercation; nor is the argument disposed with the calm and comprehensive views of the statesman and philosopher. That Milton's fame, however, was widely and honourably extended by this performance, no doubt can be entertained; it was

> In Liberty's defence, a noble task,
> Of which all Europe rang from side to side;

but that Salmasius suffered disgrace at the court of Christina, that he was dismissed with contempt, or considered as defeated with dishonour, rests upon no valid authority.[124] Milton, in his Second Defence, expressly allowed that the queen, attentive to the dignity of her station, let the stranger experience no diminution of her former kindness or munificence. The health of that illustrious scholar had long been languishing under his unremitted labours. He was afflicted with gout, if not with stone, and he went to seek relief from the mineral waters of Spa (which he was supposed to have drunk improperly), where he died. The queen had offered him large appointments[125] to remain in Sweden, and greatly regretted his departure; but

the coldness of the climate was injurious to him, and after his death she wrote a letter full of concern for his loss and respect for his memory. The slander first thrown out in the Mercurius Politicus,[126] and so frequently repeated, ought no longer to be believed. Salmasius went full of years and honours to his grave.[127]

The purpose of Salmasius[128] was to support the doctrine of the divine rights of kings; to prove that the king is a person with whom the supreme power of the kingdom resides, and who is answerable to God alone. Milton asserted the undisputed sovereignty of the people. This he terms agreeable to the laws of God and of nature. That by the laws of God, by those of nations, and by the municipal laws of our own country, a king of England may be brought to trial and to death; that the laws of God do in this exactly agree with the laws of nature, and that this is a settled maxim of the law of nature never to be shaken, that the senate and the people are superior to kings; and that, if asked by what law, by what right or justice, the king was dethroned, the answer is, by that law which God and nature have created; that whatever things are for the universal good of the whole state are for that reason lawful and just; and that a people obliged by an oath is discharged of that obligation when a lawful prince becomes a tyrant,

or gives himself over to sloth and voluptuousness. The rule of justice, the very law of nature, dispenses with such a people's allegiance. That these doctrines have been always acknowledged by the common consent of mankind, he endeavours to prove from the history of ancient nations. Thus the kings of the Jews were subject to the very same laws as the people. He traces a similar belief through Egypt and Persia, through the Grecian history and the annals of the Roman Empire. He alleges the authority of the ancient Scriptures, the gospel, and the fathers. He then finds his doctrine supported by the usage and constitution of our government from the period of the British history, through the Saxon and Norman times, and traces the supreme power of the legislative assembly to the reign of Charles. Such is a faint outline of his argument. In this work he openly accuses Buckingham of having poisoned King James, and afterwards even makes a bolder assertion, that Charles was accessory to the crime.[129]

The first reply to Milton's Defensio Populi was[130] published in 1651. Milton, who assisted his nephew Philips in the answer, was willing to consider it as the production of that distinguished prelate, Bramhall, whom he treats with the same coarseness of sarcasm and violence of invective which had been employed against Salmasius, imputing to him the

greatest excesses and the practice of the most degrading vices. Bramhall[131] had disowned the writing imputed to him, but the real author was not discovered till the industry of Mr. Todd brought the secret to light. He proves to be one John Rowland, and calls himself "Pastor Ecclesiæ particularis." In this tract the accusation of the death of James the First by poison is repeated.

Next year (1652) appeared Regii Sanguinis Clamor ad Cœlum contra Parricidas Anglicanos. This work was written by Peter du Moulin, a Frenchman, afterwards Prebendary of Canterbury; but A. More, who had the care of the publication, was treated by Milton as the real author. The mistake was afterwards discovered, but Milton had exhausted his invective against More, and suffered Du Moulin to escape.[132] Alexander More was a Scotchman by birth, settled in France, and was the son of the principal of the Protestant College of Castres in Languedoc. He was a person of talent and learning, but more eminently distinguished as a brilliant though eccentric preacher. It was an unfortunate hour for him when he threw the shield of his name to protect Du Moulin's writings, for More's personal character was open to remark. He had, it appears, entered into a love-intrigue, at Leyden, with an English girl, who is called Pontia, and who was waiting-maid to the

wife of Salmasius.[133] This occasioned much domestic dispute and jealousy in the house of the learned professor, and became the subject of raillery in the correspondence of the friends of Salmasius. It appears, also, that a similar adventure with a servant maid, of the name of Claudia Peletta, with whom More is accused of intriguing before and after her marriage, was the occasion of his leaving Geneva; and a third amour, with a young female domestic of the name of Tibaltiana, is also mentioned. Milton did not spare his enemy on the side where he was so much exposed; and More shrunk from the bitter storm of invective, sarcasm, and irony that his indignant antagonist poured on all sides upon him.[134]

The Second Defence is one of the most interesting of Milton's writings.[135] Johnson has quoted from it the eloquent eulogy on Cromwell; the character of Bradshaw is drawn with all the skill and power of Clarendon, and presents a noble portrait of the intrepid regicide; and the address to Fairfax has forever exalted the character and dignified the memory of that illustrious soldier. I shall add Milton's commemoration of other names, not less celebrated in the history of that eventful time. "First you, Fleetwood, whom I have known to have been always the same in the humanity, gentleness, and benignity of your disposition, from

the time you first entered on the profession of a soldier, to your obtainment of those military honours, the next only to the first, and whom the enemy has found of dauntless valour, but the mildest of conquerors. And you, Lambert, who, when a young man, at the head of a mere handful of men, checked the progress of the Duke of Hamilton, attended with the power and strength of the Scottish youth, and kept him at check. You, Desborow, and you, Whalley, whom, whenever I heard or read of the fiercest battles of this war, I always expected and found among the thickest of the enemy. You, Overton, who have been connected with me for these many years in a more than brotherly union, by similitude of studies and by the sweetness of your manners: in that memorable battle of Marston Moor, when our left wing was routed, the chief officers, looking back in their flight, beheld you keeping your ground with your infantry, and repelling the attacks of the enemy amid heaps of slain on both sides; and afterwards in the war in Scotland, no sooner were the shores of Fife occupied, under the auspices of Cromwell, with your troops, and the way opened beyond Stirling, than both the western and the northern Scots acknowledged you for the humanest of enemies, and the farthest Orcades for their civilizing conqueror. I will yet add some, whom, as distin-

guished for the robe and arts of peace, you have nominated as your counsellors, and who are known to me either by friendship or reputation: Whitlocke, Pickering, Strickland, Sydenham, and Sydney[136] (an illustrious name which I rejoice has steadily adhered to our side); Montague, Lawrence, both men of the first capacity, and polished by liberal studies; besides numberless other citizens, distinguished for their rare merits, some for their former senatorial exertions, others for their military services." A splendid eulogy rewarded the virgin queen of the North, the daughter of Adolphus, for the praise she was reported to have given to Milton's defence, and the magnanimity which led her to read and even to applaud what seemed written against her own right and dignity.[137]

Flushed with his victory,[138] and proud of the great reputation which he had acquired, Milton opened his Second Defence with a triumphant anticipation of the sentence that would be passed on it. He now, he says, feels himself not in the forum, or on the rostrum, surrounded by a single people only, whether Roman or Athenian, but, as it were, by listening Europe, confiding and passing judgment. He addresses himself to all sittings and assemblies, wherever are to be found men of the highest authority, wherever there are cities and nations. He imagines himself set out on his travels,

that he beholds from on high tracts beyond the seas and wide-extended regions, that he beholds countenances strange and numberless, and all, in feelings of mind, his closest friends and neighbours. "Wherever there are natures free, ingenuous, magnanimous, either they are prudently concealed or openly professed. Some favour in silence, others give their suffrages in public. Some hasten to receive me with shouts of applause; others, in fine, vanquished by truth, surrender themselves captive. Encompassed by such countless multitudes, it seems to me, that from the columns of Hercules, to the farthest borders of India, that throughout this vast expanse, I am bringing back, bringing home to every nation liberty, so long driven out, so long an exile; and, as is recorded of Triptolemus of old, that I am importing fruits for the nations from my own city, but of a far nobler kind than those fruits of Ceres; that I am spreading abroad among the cities, the kingdoms, and nations, the restored culture of civility and freedom of life."

He had been reproached by his adversaries with his blindness; and his answer to the charge can be read by no one without high admiration of the magnanimity of his mind and the strength of his piety. To be blind, he says, is not miserable; but not to be able to bear blindness, that is miserable indeed. He calls God to witness, the searcher of

the inmost spirit and of every thought, that he is unconscious of any thing (though he has visited all the recesses of his heart), of any crime, the heinousness of which could have justly called down this calamity upon him above others. That he has written nothing which he was not persuaded at the time, and is still persuaded, was right and true and pleasing to God. And this, without being moved by ambition, by lucre, or by glory, but solely by a sense of duty, of grace, and of devotion to his country. "Then let the slanderers," he says, "of the judgments of God cease their revilings. Let them desist from their dreamy forgeries concerning me. Let them know that I neither repine at, nor repent me of my lot; that I remain fixed, immovable in my opinion; that I neither believe, nor have found that God is angry; nay, that in things of the greatest moment, I have experienced and acknowledge his mercy, and his paternal goodness towards me; that above all, in regard of this calamity, I acquiesce in his divine will, for it is he himself who comforts and upholds my spirit, being ever more mindful of what he shall bestow upon me, than of what he shall deny me. Besides, how many things are there which I should choose not to see? how many which I might be unwilling to see? and how few remaining things are there which I should desire to see? Neither am

I concerned at being classed, though you think this a miserable thing, with the blind, with the afflicted, with the miserable, with the weak. Since there is a hope that, on this account, I have a nearer claim to the mercy and protection of the sovereign father. There is a way, and the Apostle is my authority, through weakness to the greatest strength. May I be one of the weakest, provided only in my weakess, that immortal and better vigour be put forth with greater effect; provided only in my darkness the light of the divine countenance does but more brightly shine; for then I shall at once be the weakest and most mighty; shall be at once blind, and of the most piercing sight. Thus, through this infirmity should I be consummated, perfected. Thus, through this darkness should I be enrobed with light. And, in truth, we who are blind are not the last regarded by the providence of God; who, as we are incapable to discern anything but himself, beholds us with the greater clemency and benignity. Woe be to him who injures us; he deserves to be devoted to the public curse. The divine law, the divine favour, has made us not merely secure, but, as it were, sacred from the injuries of men; nor would have seemed to have brought the darkness upon us, so much by inducing a dimness of the eyes, as by the overshadowing of heavenly wings. Besides, as I am

not grown torpid by indolence, since my eyes have deserted me, but am still active, still ready to advance among the foremost to the most arduous struggles for liberty, I am not therefore deserted by men even of the first rank in the state. Thus, while I can derive consolation in my blindness both from God and man, let no one be troubled that I have lost my eyes in an honourable cause; and far be it from me to be troubled at it; far be it from me to possess so little spirit as not to be able without difficulty to despise the revilers of my blindness, or so little placability as not to be able with still less difficulty to forgive them." The treatise, after a succession of passages of great eloquence and animation, ends with an earnest and solemn address to the people of England to prove themselves worthy of the victory they have gained, and the position they have secured. He warns them to derive their liberty, not from arms, but from piety, justice, temperance; in fine, from real virtue. Not to make war alone their virtue or highest glory, or to neglect the arts of peace; to banish avarice, ambition, luxury, and all excess from their thoughts. Such is the warfare of peace,—victories hard, it is true, but blameless, more glorious far than the warlike or the bloody. "As for myself," he says (speaking with something of a prophetic sorrow), "to whatever state things may

return, I have performed, and certainly with good will, I hope not in vain, the service which I thought would be of most use to the commonwealth. It is not before our doors alone that I have borne my arms in defence of liberty. I have wielded them in a field so wide that the justice and reason of those which are no vulgar deeds, shall be explained and vindicated alike to foreign natures and our own countrymen. If after achievements so magnanimous, ye basely fall from your duty, if ye are guilty of anything unworthy of you, be assured, posterity will speak, and thus pronounce its judgment. The foundation was strongly laid. The beginning, nay, more than the beginning, was excellent, but it will be inquired, not without a disturbed emotion, Who raised the superstructure, who completed the fabric? To undertakings so grand, to virtues so noble, it will be a subject of grief that perseverance was wanting. It will be seen that the harvest of glory was abundant; but that men were not to be found for the work. Yet that there was not wanting *one* who could give good counsel, who could exhort, encourage; who could adorn and celebrate in immortal praises the transcendent deeds, and those who performed them." Another piece in which he defends himself personally against More, and repeats his accusations, is all which is necessary to notice (page 459[139]).

That the once celebrated controversy with Salmasius had ceased to be of public interest may be inferred from its seldom or ever being alluded to in those works which professedly discuss the great constitutional questions of that time. Hobbes said of these treatises: "They are very good Latine both, and hardly to be judged which is better; and both very ill reasoning, and hardly to be judged which is worst. Like the declamations, *pro* and *con*, for exercise only, in a rhetorical school by one and the same man: so like is a Presbyterian to an Independent." In fact, each champion placed himself on the extreme limits or edge of the position he maintained. Salmasius maintained the indefeasible right, the unlimited power, and the irresponsible nature of the kingly office. More than half of his bulky and laborious treatise is taken up with the discussion of the abstract question of the *jus divinum* of kings; and it is only in the eighth chapter that he considers his ground sufficiently prepared for applying his arguments to the English monarchy. If we look at this treatise of the Leyden professor with the philosophical spirit of modern history, it can only be considered as a little more distinguished by the celebrity of its author and his antagonist, and by the greatness of the occasion that called it forth, than others written on party questions in those days, and which

attempted to settle the complicated questions of law and prerogative in modern times, on the paradoxes of ancient philosophers, on the Jewish theocracy, on the apostolical commands, on the opinions of the fathers, on the authorities of councils, and all the learned and obsolete lumber of pedantic acquirement. But it would not be fair to expect that Salmasius should have anticipated the knowledge which it took another century to mature. Treatises on the same subject, and in the same language as that which he used, had appeared before his time; and the Vindiciæ contra Tyrannos, of Languet, and the work De jure Regni apud Scotos, of Buchanan,[140] are in the same style of argument, though advocating principles the opposite to his; and subsequently the reasonings of Salmasius were again revived in the elaborate disquisitions of Filmer and Mackenzie. The philosopher of Malmesbury alone pursued another system; and, putting aside the assistance of obsolete authority, which he might consider as useless when opposed to the unalienable rights of justice and liberty, he laid down certain general principles for the social covenant, and presented his model of government for the imitation of statesmen and the instruction of the people. Considered, however, in respect of the time in which it was written, and the circumstances, and that it came from the pen

of a foreigner, and one whose life had been chiefly devoted to the study of antiquity and the correction and explanation of the texts of the Greek and Latin writers, it will be a proof, if such is wanting, that the fame which Salmasius had acquired beyond that of every other scholar of his time for his extensive erudition was justly bestowed, and that he possessed other knowledge besides that which is to be found amid the glossaries and grammarians of ancient tongues. That it was not so popular as the answer of Milton, in the reformed countries as well as England, in the United States, in Zurich, or at Geneva, we may readily believe. In these countries the literature of Europe was chiefly to be found, and they were the headquarters of republican doctrines. The reception of the rival volumes, however, in foreign nations was pretty equally balanced by the contending parties. Salmasius' treatise was suppressed at Amsterdam, and Milton's was burnt by the common hangman at Paris and Toulouse. It excites a smile at the present day to read such reflections as the following, where the wit and the confidence are alike conspicuous: "Un Anglais nommé Jean Milton a répondu à M. de Saumaise; je pense que M. de Saumaise lui repondra!" (See L'Esprit de G. Patin, page 171.) But the learning and ability with which this treatise is composed must shield it from

contempt, though they can no longer save it from neglect. If now extinct, as to all public curiosity, and opened only occasionally by the critic or the biographer, yet it can boast that no common attention had been paid to its authority; and that its importance is declared in the commendation of one party, as in the censure of another. Its doctrines were opposed by the greatest Poet of one age, and they have been supported and sanctioned by the greatest Statesman of another. Salmasius[141] might be equally proud of the declared hostility of Milton, and the silent admiration of Burke.

It must not, however, be unnoticed, that the enemies of Salmasius not only objected to the whole force and tenor of his arguments, but, further, accused him of plagiarism; and they asserted that the reasoning which defended the divine right of kings was borrowed from the great work, De Jure Belli et Pacis, of his contemporary and rival in literary fame, Hugo Grotius,—a work which that great writer commenced when emerging from the gloom of a cruel and unjust captivity, which he carried on amid the privations of an unsettled life and uncertain fortune, and which at length led him to the splendours of an honourable and illustrious embassy. Yet something more than a just confidence in his own talents and extensive resources would have kept Salmasius from being indebted

to a contemporary from whom he was alienated during his life, and whose reputation after death he attacked with an unrelenting and unprovoked hostility.

It has been said that Salmasius lost the favour of Christina, at whose court he was residing, when Milton's answer appeared; and that his death was caused by the bitterness of his supposed defeat by an antagonist previously unknown. The truth of either of these assertions, too hastily assumed by the biographers of Milton, is more than questionable. It is not at all improbable that the capricious Queen of the North may have vexed this old scholar with commendations of his enemy,[142] and that she may have joined in the voice of general praise; but Salmasius left the court of Stockholm, not from the frowns of the queen, but driven away by the severity of that iron climate. There, at the same court, Descartes died from the effects of a Northern winter. Naudæus, another eminent scholar who had been summoned there by the same authority, was obliged for the same cause to retire to the South. Grotius, then resident in Sweden, mentions, "illa Mundi pars quam sibi frigidus septentrio seposuit,"—"il ne pourroit pas souffrir l'air froid de Suède. L'air de Stokolm lui étoit contraire." The biographer of Salmasius asserts that, unable to bear the climate, "he was always in bed

with a fire in his room." Hence the joke of Philips, "In Suecorum aulâ jam diu friget." We have before us a volume of Latin poetry by that unfortunate and inconsiderate writer, who too rashly lent his name to protect the character of another, —Poemata Alexandri Mori, 1669, 4to,—in which is an epitaph on Salmasius (page 122), and the last couplet of which sets at rest the subject of Christina's treatment of him:

> Postquam Christina colitur—nihil addo—quid ultra
> Pertulit ad laudes illa, vel ille suas?

In this volume is no allusion to the controversy with Milton, except as just mentioned in the lines on Salmasius (page 123). As regards his death, it did not take place till three years after this time, and after his answer to Milton had been nearly completed. Salmasius was advanced in years, was of a very weak constitution, was worn out with a life of hard study, enfeebled by gout, probably injured by his residence and by the snows of Stockholm; he went to Spa for its medicinal waters, and there this "Monster of Erudition" died. Christina's high regard of him is shown, beyond all dispute, in the affectionate and zealous letter which she sent to the widow, in which she repeats that she had all the sentiments of love to him as to a father, and was deeply interested in the glory of his reputa-

tion; she falls foul of the widow for burning his manuscripts. The biographers of Milton might have profitably spent a few hours on the volume of Sarravius.'[143] While it is confessed that Milton's language, in this famous treatise, descended into the indecent grossness of personal abuse, it yet may be said that such was the tone and temper, not only of the controversial writers, but even the scholars of the day, that he had not exceeded the scurrilous and violent declamations of the fanatical preachers and the angry bark of their seditious pulpits. South says: "It was the pulpit that supplied the field with swordsmen and the Parliament House with incendiaries." Probably it was expected of him, as the public champion of the great and holy cause, that his tone should be uncompromising and decisive; that he should blow aloud the blast of defiance and contempt to the enemies of Sion; while the severe and sarcastic language which his opponent had applied to the leaders of the fanatical party, and to their motives and principles, had goaded him into personal recrimination. "Had the heart of Milton," says Mr. D'Israeli, "beat as coldly on the death of Charles as Ludlow's, his democratic feelings might be respected. But that this great tragic genius, having witnessed this solemn scene of Majesty in its last affliction, should have ridiculed and calumniated and belied

it, as the meanest of the mob,—who would credit this, had it been a secret anecdote hitherto concealed from the public eye? Milton, in his celebrated Defence of the People, treats Charles the First as a mere actor striving—Veluti poetæ, aut histrionis deterrimi plausum in ipso exitio ambitiosissime captare. In the kingly calmness of Charles's death he sees but a player's exit, a paltry mime's ambition to be clapped on retiring from the stage—the artificial decency of a theatrical Cæsar's fall!" It must, however, be recollected that he was goaded to place this theatrical mask on the face of Charles by Salmasius having brought prominently forward the patriotic feelings which were declared from the scaffold by the dying monarch, and having reproached the enemies of Charles with the generous forgiveness of his nature, and his inextinguishable love of the people who had condemned him to a traitor's death. It was represented as the forgiveness from the Cross. It was impossible that Milton could let this pass unnoticed or unrebuked; if he could not deny the words, which was out of his power, he could only give them an ignominious interpretation and throw the ridiculous over the sublime. Milton knew the sentiments of those who employed him in his task, and he was prepared to satisfy them—perhaps he fully shared in them. The words of Salmasius are: "Quantum

magis non honore (titulo Parentis Patriæ) et elogio dignus Carolus qui populi ingrati tantum amorem et tale studium, non solum tota vita—sed etiam in ipsa morte testatus est?" To have left this unexplained would have been to deprive the wasp of everything —but his sting. Mr. D'Israeli considers the stern republicanism and the personal hatred of Charles, which so strongly characterized Milton, to have been early imbibed from his first tutor Young,— "the Puritan in Essex who cut his hair short,"—as well as from his second, Alexander Gill, who was also his beloved friend and a fiery revolutionist; whose language was in "the vulgar tone of the lowest Democracy." Milton's constant objections to Salmasius, independent of mere verbal abuse, were that he was only a grammarian and word-catcher,—grammaticum hominem; that he was a stranger, and had no right to intermeddle with our national disputes; and that he was exposed to the just charge of inconsistency, in now upholding that hierarchy against which, as well as the papal power, he had so lately declared his deliberate opinion in a large and elaborate treatise. Milton attributes the private vexations and public disgrace and defeat, as he calls it, of Salmasius, to his having deserted his old opinions for the sake of gain. We must place against this the solemn appeal of Salmasius, at the end of his defence: "Deum testa-

bor me hanc causam suscepisse non tantum quia rogatus, sed quia meliorem et justiorem nullam ea me potuisse defendere conscientia mea mihi suggessit; ratio et veritas docuit, resque ipsa dictavit," &c. We may add, as a conclusion on this subject, that a person named Jeanes, or Janes, published an answer to Milton's Iconoclastes, under a title which we now cannot remember; but that in the year of the Restoration—1660—this same book was brought out again under the title of "Salmasius his Detection of the Diabolical Rebell Milton," intending to pass it off as a translation of Salmasius' posthumous work—"Ad Joannem Miltonum Responsio."[144] It is in fact the same book and the same edition as that brought out by Janes, with the exception of the title, and a leaf of address to the reader. We shall here insert what Salmasius says in his unfinished answer relating to the errors in Milton's Latin poetry:

"Sed quis ille Miltonus? Unde domo? Quis enim audivit hominem, ante hanc suam defensionem pro P. Anglicano? Eam et multi negant illum auctorem debere agnoscere, nisi solo titulo. Conscriptam enim esse a Ludi magistro quodam Gallo de trivio, qui Londini Pueros nihil sapere docet. Nam Miltonum ipsum qui penitus noverunt Latine scire, aut scribere posse, serio negant. Ego aliter sentio. Nam si Poëta est Miltonus, et non humilis quidem spiritus,

cur non etiam orator esse queat disertus? At de Poëticæ Mustaceo laureolam sibi quæsisse, poëmata ejus arguunt, in quibus Patrem suum se poëtam genuisse gloriatur. Non meliorem tamen Poëtam esse, quam civem inde apparet, quod ut malus civis, contra leges Patriæ peccat, perduelles ejus defendendo, ita et pessimus Poëta sæpius leges Metricas violat, breves pro longis, et longas pro brevibus ponendo. Sic ultimam in quotannis corripit, primam in paruisset, etiam primam in Semifracta, et in nomine Opis, secundam in Jacobus. Alia multa passim in iis committit, quæ et Grammaticam et Latinitatem lædunt. Belgia illi est pro Belgio. Sic Gallium posset dicere pro Gallia, surdere ad preces. Aves augures appellat, cur non etiam aucupes aves dicentur; stelliparum Cœlum appellat, qui stellas scilicet pariat. Alia infinita sunt, quæ omitto, ut versus abnormes, qualis iste est,—'Et callebat avium linguas.' Tametsi ætatem illis, qua scripta sunt, non apposuisset, facile tamen perspicere poteramus pueri esse poëmata. Sed Puerilia errata præstare debet jam Vir, cum et paucos abhinc annos recudi Londini curaverit."

Salmasius could discover the errors in Milton's Latin poetry, but the general elegance of the language and the classical beauty of the images and expressions entirely escaped him. The old grammarian hugged himself with joy at the delivery of

his clumsy joke, which occurs just after, when he exhorts Milton to inscribe on the work, "Joannis Asini, alias Multonis, nam Multo vervex est etiam Anglis."

Milton was now removed by an order of council from his lodgings at Whitehall,[145] and took a garden house in Petty France,[146] in Westminster, opening into St. James's Park; in this house he continued till within a few weeks of the Restoration. In 1651 he was suffering under the approach of total blindness. He had lost the entire use of one eye;[147] and his nephew, Edward Philips, was supposed to have greatly assisted him in the affairs of secretary. In 1652 his sight was totally gone.[148] His enemies, as we have seen, considered his blindness as a judgment for writing against the king; and one of the prebendaries of Exeter reproached him, even from the pulpit, with the severe visitation. But he himself more truly accounted for the affliction by the wearisome labours and studious watchings wherein he spent, and almost tired out, a whole youth. His letter to his Athenian friend, Leonard Phileras, gives an account of the gradual approach of the disease. Philips says that Milton was always tampering with physic; to which he attributes the loss of his sight, as well as to his continual studies, and the headaches to which he had been subject from his youth.

It is supposed that in 1653 Milton lost his first wife, who died in childbed, leaving him three daughters. He remained a widower for three years, when he was again united in marriage to a daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney.[149] She also died within a year after her marriage, in the same manner; and in one of his sonnets he has paid an affectionate tribute to her memory.[150] Soon after this event he retired from his office of secretary[151] on an allowance for life of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. His name does not again occur in the books of the council of state; his friend[152] Andrew Marvell had been associated with him.

As we are now arrived at the close of Milton's public life, it may be as well for a moment to look back, and recollect the system upon which he asserts his political career to have been conducted, and the end to which his writings were directed. He says, when the outcry against the bishops commenced and the model of our reformed church was to its disadvantage compared to others, he saw that a way was opening for the establishment of real liberty. That he perceived there were three species of liberty essential to the happiness of social life,—religious, domestic, and civil. To promote the first, he wrote his Treatise on Reformation, &c.; and as he saw that the magistrates were active in obtaining the third, he therefore turned his at-

tention to the second, or domestic. This included three material questions, first, the conduct of the conjugal tie; secondly, the education of children; and, thirdly, the free publication of the thoughts. These questions were severally considered by him in his Treatise on Divorce, his Tractate on Education, and his Areopagitica, or Liberty of Unlicensed Printing. With regard to civil affairs, he left them in the hands of the magistrates, till it became necessary to vindicate the right of lawfully dethroning[153] or destroying tyrants (without any immediate or personal application to Charles), against the doctrines of the Presbyterian ministers. Such were the fruits of his private studies, which he had gratuitously presented to Church and State, and for which he was recompensed by nothing but impunity; "though the actions themselves," he says, "procured me peace of conscience and the approbation of the good, while I exercised that freedom of discussion which I loved."

Disencumbered of the duties of secretary, disgusted with the treachery of parties and the failure of his fondest wishes, Milton at length retreated from the changes and turbulence of the times, and had now leisure to resume the great works which he had long destined for his future employment. He commenced a history of his native country; a dictionary of the Latin language,[154]

more copious and correct than that of Stephens; he framed a body of divinity out of the Bible; and, lastly, he sketched the first outlines of his immortal poem. "For the subject of his epic poem," says Johnson, "after much deliberation, long choosing, and beginning late, he fixed upon Paradise Lost, a design so comprehensive that it could be justified only by success." He had once meant to celebrate the exploits of King Arthur,[155] as he has hinted in his verses; "but," says Toland, "this particular subject was reserved for the celebrated pen of Sir Richard Blackmore." Amidst the prosecution of these great and laborious designs, he found time during the year 1659 for some humbler occupations. He edited some manuscript treatises of Sir Walter Raleigh; he published the foreign correspondence of the English Parliament and of Cromwell, in which his urgent remonstrances to the Duke of Savoy, in favour of the Protestants in Piedmont, do honour to the piety of the government;[156] he wrote (against the Presbyterians) his Considerations to remove Hirelings out of the Church; and, alarmed at the prospect of a returning monarchy, he printed his Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth. What he speaks, he says, is the language of that which is not called amiss "the good old cause." It appears from a passage in this treatise that commerce had much languished

during the civil wars and usurpation,[157] and that the trading community were all anxious for the return of a luxurious court and the assistance of regal prodigality.[158]

When the restoration of the king proved all his wishes fruitless, Milton withdrew to a friend's house in Bartholomew Close. This temporary concealment seems to have been necessary to his safety, for a particular prosecution was directed against him.

It is mentioned by his biographers that a mock funeral[159] was made for him, and that when matters were arranged, the careless and merry monarch laughed at the imposition. It was, however, ordered that his Iconoclastes and Defensio pro Populo Anglicano should be burned by the common hangman, and that the attorney-general should proceed against them by indictment, or otherwise.[160] Of the proscribed books several copies on the 27th of August[161] were committed to the flames. Within three days after this, the act of indemnity passed, and he was relieved from the necessity of further concealment. When subsequently he was in the custody of the serjeant-at-arms, it is supposed that his pardon was obtained by the intervention of some powerful friends.[162] Whether the story of Davenant's assistance is authentic, I am not able to say. The House on the 13th of Decem-

ber ordered his release, but how long he remained in custody is not known. Richardson says that he lived in perpetual terror of being assassinated, and that he was so dejected he could lie awake whole nights. It has been asserted that Milton was offered the place of Latin secretary to the king,—an offer that it is obvious he could not in honour or conscience accept,—and that on his wife pressing his compliance, he said: "Thou art in the right: you, as other women, would ride in your coach; for me, my aim is to live and die an honest man." And thus in this his parting scene in public life was exhibited a stability of conduct, an independence of principle, and a consistency of assertion that no one can deny.

In 1661 he published his Accidence commenced Grammar, and also Sir Walter Raleigh's Aphorisms of State, bending his great and comprehensive mind to the construction of those humbler works which he considered of advantage to education.[163] He lived for a short time in Holborn, near Red Lion Street, but soon removed to Jewin Street, by Aldersgate. In 1664, the year previous to the great sickness, he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, of a genteel family in Cheshire, a relation of his particular friend Dr. Paget.[164] Mr. Todd considers it worthy of observation that Milton chose his three wives out of the virgin

state, while Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, selected his three from that of widowhood; but what inference the learned biographer would draw from their respective choices is, from an entire ignorance on these subjects, to me unknown. Sheffield was probably looking out for a splendid jointure, and Milton for a gentle, virtuous, and attached companion.

From some cause, of course too trifling to be known to us,—probably from the numerous fluctuations of his fortune,—Milton seems to have been extremely unsettled in his choice of a residence. Soon after his marriage he lodged with Millington, the famous book auctioneer, a man of remarkable elocution, wit, sense, and modesty. Richardson says that Millington was accustomed to lead his venerable inmate by the hand when he walked the streets; the person who acquainted Richardson with this fact had often met Milton abroad with his conductor and host. He again removed to a small house in Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields, which, Philips says, was his last stage in this world; but it was of many years' continuance, more perhaps than he had had in any other place besides.

Milton having now wholly lost his sight, he depended for his studies on the assistance of others; and Dr. Paget recommended Ellwood the Quaker,

who would every afternoon read to him some Latin author. The plague had now begun to rage in London, and his young friend, Ellwood, found a shelter for him at Chalfont,[165] in Buckinghamshire. "It was on a visit at this place, that after some common discourses," says Ellwood, "had passed between us, he called for a MS. of his, which, being brought, he delivered it to me, bidding me take it home with me, and read it at my leisure, and when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon. When I came home, and set myself to read it, I found that it was that excellent Poem which he entitled Paradise Lost." From this account it appears that Paradise Lost was complete in 1665, and Aubrey represents it as finished about three years after the king's restoration. Milton describes himself as long choosing and beginning late the subject of his Poem, and when that was selected, it was at first wrought into a dramatic form, like some of the ancient mysteries. There were two plans of the tragedy, both of which are preserved among the manuscripts in Trinity College, Cambridge; and which were printed, I believe, for the first time in Dr. Birch's Narrative of the Poet's Life.[166] Such were the early and imperfect rudiments of Paradise Lost. The slender materials which he possessed in the story, and the splendid superstructure which he raised

upon it, may remind us of the passage in which he has thrown over the simple language of the ancient prophets a magnificent description of his own creation.[167] Isaiah had said that "Lucifer sate upon the mount of the congregation, on the sides of the north." The keynote was struck on the chords of the Hebrew lyre, and Milton instantly built up a palace for the fallen angel, equal in brilliancy and splendour to the castles of Romance. He piled up its pinnacles from diamond quarries, and hewed its towers out of rocks of gold.

> At length into the limits of the North
> They came, and Satan to his royal seat
> High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
> Raised on a mount, with pyramids and towers
> From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
> The palace of great Lucifer (so call
> That structure in the dialect of men
> Interpreted), which not long after he,
> Affecting all equality with God,
> In imitation of that mount whereon
> Messiah was declared in sight of Heaven,
> The Mountain of the Congregation call'd, &c.

How small the spark that could kindle into a poetical flame in Milton's mind! how quick the apprehension that seized the slightest hint! and how rich and fertile the genius to improve what it possessed! Callimachus had (Hymn. Del. 292) mentioned three Hyperborean nymphs who sent fruits to Apollo in Delos. The word "Hyperbo-

rean" was sufficient. Instantly Milton converts them into British goddesses, and clothes them in a Pictish dress. Selden had mentioned that Apollo was worshipped in Britain; Milton, on those hints, joins them to the Druids:

> Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
> Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ,
> Carminibus lætis memorant Corineïda Loxo,
> Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
> Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
>
> *Mansus*

What extent of time was passed in the composition of this great work is not with exactness known. Mr. Capel Lofft thinks that Milton began his poem in his forty-eighth year,[168] and finished it in his fifty-seventh. Philips says that he had the perusal of it from the very beginning, for some years, in parcels of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time; and that his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal, so that in all the years he was about the poem, he may be said to have spent about half his time therein. Toland imagines[169] that Philips was mistaken with regard to the time, since Milton declared in his Latin elegy that his poetic talent returned with the spring.

> Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
> Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?

A friend of Milton's also informed Toland that

Milton could never compose well but in the spring and autumn. He then poured out with great ease and fluency his unpremeditated verses. Dr. Johnson says that there are no other internal notes of the time when the poem was written but the mention of the loss of his sight in the beginning of the third book, and of the return of the king in the introduction to the seventh.

Some difficulty was experienced in obtaining a licence;[170] and objections were made to particular passages, especially to the simile of the sun eclipsed in the first book. But it was at length granted, and he sold his copy to Samuel Simmons, April 27, 1667, for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a stipulation to receive five pounds more when thirteen hundred of the first edition should be sold; again five pounds after the sale of the same number of the second edition, and another five pounds after the same sale of the third. None of the three editions were to be extended beyond fifteen hundred copies. The first edition was of the poem in ten books, in small quarto, which were advertised plainly and neatly bound, at the price of three shillings. The titles were varied, passing into other publishers' hands, in order to circulate the edition, in 1667,[171] 1668, 1669. Of these there were no less than five. An advertisement and the arguments of the books were omitted in some copies, and in-

serted in others; and, from variations in the text, it would appear that the latter sheets of the work were twice printed, and single pages were cancelled and reprinted.

The sale gave him in two years a right to his second payment, for which the receipt was signed April 26, 1669. The second edition was not given till 1674, and was printed in small octavo, and the number of books was increased to twelve, by a division of the seventh and twelfth, with the introduction of a few connecting lines. He did not live[172] to receive the payment stipulated for this impression. The third edition was published in 1678, and his widow agreed with Simmons, the printer, to receive eight pounds as her right, and gave him a general release, dated April 29, 1681. Simmons covenanted to transfer the right for twenty-five pounds to Brabazen Aylmer, a bookseller, and Aylmer sold to Jacob Tonson half of it, August 17, 1683, and the other half March 24, 1690, at a price considerably advanced.

The sale, Johnson says, will justify the public: the call for books in Milton's age was not great. The nation had been satisfied from 1623 to 1664 with only two editions of the works of Shakespeare, which probably together did not make two thousand copies.[173] The sale of thirteen hundred copies in two years was an uncommon example of

the prevalence of genius. Yet the demand did not immediately increase, for in eleven years only three thousand were sold; but the reputation and price of the copy still advanced, "till the revolution put an end to the secrecy of love, and Paradise Lost broke into open view with sufficient security of kind reception." Dr. Symmons calculates that in little more than eleven years four thousand five hundred copies were sold, and that before the expiration of twenty years six editions were published. I possess a German translation in verse of it, printed but a few years after the date of the original, which is a strong evidence of its growing popularity. This rare book was printed at Zerbst in Moravia, 1682, the translator being Ernst Gottlieb von Berge.

Though the poem of Milton was above[174] the age on which it was bestowed (for such greatness of invention, such harmony of numbers, and such majesty of style had not then been seen united), yet admirers among men of learning and genius it undoubtedly had. Andrew Marvell[175] and Barrow, the physician, wrote some manly and spirited verses in its praise. Dr. Warton says: "It may be remarked to the praise of Roscommon that he was the first critic who had taste and spirit enough publicly to praise Paradise Lost." Dryden's lines of commendation are known to all;[176] and praise

in other books by authors of lower fame has been discovered by the diligence of the commentators. In 1688[177] the handsome folio edition was published under the patronage of Lord Somers, with the assistance of Atterbury[178] and Dryden. In 1682 it was translated into Dutch, and into Latin in 1685; and ten years after, it appeared with a very curious and learned commentary by Patrick Hume. I shall here take the opportunity of mentioning the volumes published by Lauder, Auctorum Miltono facem prælucentium; and of remarking (after having perused the poems which they contain) that little doubt can be entertained but that Milton was acquainted with the Adamus Exsul, of Grotius, and probably with the poetry of Ramsay and Masenius. Those who are curious on the subject may compare the poems of Ramsay with the description of the creation in the seventh book, and the drama of Grotius with the temptation in the ninth, and, if familiar with the language of Milton, they will find some resemblances; but the charge of plagiarism was unjust, and indeed absurd. Milton's immense reading extended over the whole field of literature, and in every direction; and it required all his learning, collected by painful study during the best years of his life, long deposited in his memory, and remoulded by his genius, to build up his immortal poem. Where is there

an extensive work of established reputation to be found that is not evidently the result of long study and assiduous labours? Let us consider that his materials were a few verses in Genesis, and that the rest is created by his own imagination, supplied "by industrious and select reading." Thus the tributary stores from poets of every age and country were poured into his mind, and they were always returned with augmented beauty and lustre.[179] We may say of him, as a Roman critic said of Virgil: "Et judicio transferendi et modo imitandi consecutus est, ut quod apud illum legerimus alienum, aut illius esse malimus, aut melius hic quam ubi natum est, sonare miremur."[180] "The judgment of Milton," says Mr. Coleridge, "in the conduct of the celestial part of the story is very exquisite. Wherever God is represented as divinely acting as Creator, without any exhibition of his own essence, Milton adopts the simplest and sternest language of the Scriptures. He ventures upon no poetic diction, no amplification, no pathos, no assertion. It is truly the voice of the word of the Lord coming to, and acting on the subject chaos. But as some personal interest was demanded for the purposes of poetry, Milton takes advantage of the dramatic representation of God's address to the Son, the filial Alterity, and in those addresses slips in, as it were by stealth, language of affection, or

thought, or sentiment."[181] Indeed, although Milton was undoubtedly a high Arian in his mature life, he does in the necessity of poetry give a greater objectivity to the Father and the Son than he would have justified in argument. He was very acute in adopting the strong Anthropomorphism of the Hebrew Scriptures at once. Compare the Paradise Lost with Klopstock's Messiah, and you will learn to appreciate Milton's judgment and skill quite as much as his genius.

An anecdote had long been current, which originally came from Richardson, that Sir John Denham came into the House of Commons with a sheet of Paradise Lost, wet from the press, in his hand, and being asked what it was, replied, "Part of the noblest poem that was ever written in any age or language."[182] Such is the facility with which anecdotes, that amuse or surprise, pass current from mouth to mouth that they need but a slender foundation to ensure belief. On examination, it was discovered that Denham was never in Parliament, and consequently the whole story is an ingenious fiction. I shall conclude my remarks on the publication of the poem, by mentioning that in an original edition, belonging to a gentleman who communicated the fact to the public, some rhyming lines were written apparently by a female hand, with these words at the conclusion, "Dictated by

J. M." Mr. Todd withholds his decision as to their authenticity, chiefly on account of the rhyme; but Doctor Symmons, a less cautious critic, has no doubt of their being the production of Milton. The subject is "Daybreak," and a short extract will be sufficient to enable the admirers of Milton to form their opinion.

> Whose pale-faced Regent, Cynthia, paler grows,
> To see herself pursued by conquering foes,
> Yet daring stays behind to guard the rear
> Of her black armies, whither without fear
> They may retreat, till her alternate course
> Bring her about again with rallied force.
> Hark! how the Lion's terror loud proclaims
> The gladsome tidings of day's gentle beams,
> And, long kept silence, breaking, rudely wakes
> The feather'd train, which soon their concert makes, &c.[183]

Three years after Paradise Lost was given to the world, Milton published the History of England,[184] comprising the fable of Geoffrey of Monmouth, continued only as far as the Norman invasion. The first copies were mutilated by the licenser, who expunged all the passages that reflected on the conduct of the Long Parliament and of the new Church government. Toland has egregiously misrepresented the facts connected with this suppression. He called it an exposure of the superstition, pride, and cunning of the Popish monks in the Saxon times, and stated that it was

suppressed by the licensers because they thought what was said of the monks was meant to apply to Charles the Second's bishops, though it related solely to the Long Parliament and republican assembly of divines in 1641; but, as the Bishop of Salisbury[185] observes, Toland "very ill digested such an account of the liberty and religion of his favourite republic." Milton gave a copy of these remarks to the Earl of Anglesea, which were published in 1681, with a preface, and have since been inserted in their proper place. The six books which Milton executed appeared in 1670. Of the passages then suppressed, but since 1738 always accompanying the History, it appears that some learned persons have doubted the authenticity.[186] This work has received, as is well known, the praise of Warburton, who said: "It is written with great simplicity, contrary to his custom in his prose writings, and is the better for it. But he sometimes rises into a surprising grandeur in the sentiments and expressions, as at the conclusion of the second book; I never saw anything equal to this but the conclusion of Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World."[187] The third book opens with a comparison drawn between the unsettled state of the Britons, after the desertion of the Romans, and the condition of the country under Cromwell and the Presbyterian government. The parallel is forced

into its place by the indignation of the writer; and severely has he chastised the hypocrisy, the selfishness, the rapacity, the ignorance of the leaders, and the injustice and weakness of the government. He follows up his first blow at the "statists" by an equally powerful attack on the unprincipled greediness and baseness of the Presbyterian clergy, "who execute their places like children of the devil, unfaithfully, unjustly, unmercifully, and where not corruptly, stupidly." The whole passage is written with eloquence,—facit indignatio versum.[188] In one part, he evidently alludes to himself. "They who were ever faithfullest to this cause, and freely aided them in person, or with their substance, when they durst not compel either, slighted and bereaved after of their just debts by greedy sequestrations, were tossed up and down after miserable attendance from one committee to another, with petitions in their hands, yet either missed the obtaining of their suit, or though it were at length granted (mere shame and reason oft-times extorting from them at least a show of justice), yet, by their sequestrators and subcommittees abroad, men for the most part of insatiable hands and noted disloyalty, those orders were commonly disobeyed," &c. This is part of the passage that was suppressed by the licenser in 1670, and was first separately printed in 1681. On this

subject I am enabled to give the opinion of one to whom has been applied the happy designation by Sir D. Dalrymple of Lord Hardwick, as "learned in British history."

"I thought, first, that the passage was a digression out of both time and place; to use a vulgar phrase, brought in head and shoulders, and looking, therefore, much like an interpolation. Secondly, that the opinions expressed in it are greatly at variance with Milton's political creed and character. And, thirdly, that the reasons for its alleged suppression are wholly inadequate and inconclusive. With respect to my first objection, I am aware it will be said that Milton, in the introductory paragraph of his third book, as published by himself, had expressly referred to the 'late civil broils.' But it is not from thence to be inferred that he meant to follow it up with so ample, particular, and misplaced a description of his own times as is contained in the digression. Of my second ground of suspicion, I must leave you to form your own opinion. But I cannot easily believe that if Milton had really derived from experience such expressions of the conduct and views of his late associates, he would have condescended to incur the imputation of being a time-server by printing them, as the story says he meant to do. Such a course would have been quite foreign to the sturdy independence

of his character. As to the last point, I think the reason assigned for the suppression of the passage by the licensers, namely, that it was done out of tenderness for the vanquished party, is a most lame and impotent one. The licensers, indeed, might have expunged, as Toland says they did, some passages exposing the superstition and luxury of monks; yet this seems doubtful, as so many were permitted to remain. But can it be believed that Charles the Second and his licensers had the amiable weakness of harbouring tender mercies towards the beaten republicans? On the contrary, would they not have triumphed in an opportunity of exposing the recantation (for so they would have called it) of so formidable and illustrious an adversary as Milton? After all, I must in candour admit that the digression is not without internal marks of genuineness. It is so Miltonic in style and execution that if Milton did not write it, it would be difficult to assign it to any other writer. If it be taken from him, as Johnson says of one of the disputed plays of Shakespeare, to whom shall it be given? But the History of Britain itself I cannot think worthy of Milton's great name. It is a laboured recapitulation of the long-exploded fables of Brute and his descendants, and is as discreditable to his judgment as the slur he casts on Saxon history[189] and Saxon historians. That history he

treats as 'wars of kites and crows, flocking and fighting in the air,' and the historians as 'obscure and blockish chroniclers, only fit to be read by those who take pleasure to be all their lifetime raking in the foundation of old abbeys and cathedrals.' You have quite enough of historian and antiquarian feeling to deem this heresy; or, as Dogberry says, 'flat burglary as ever was committed.' He must have quite forgotten 'to love the high embowered roof.' Warburton has selected one of the very next passages in the history for his particular praise. It is at the conclusion of the second book, where all the faults of Milton's prose style are accumulated and concluded in about a dozen lines. This is treasonable language, I confess; but in proportion as I admire the poet, I can afford, by way of set-off, to censure the historian."

In 1671 Milton[190] published Paradise Regained and Samson Agonistes.[191] The former poem he showed to his friend Ellwood. "This," said he, "is owing to you, for you put it into my head, by the questions you put to me at Chalfont, which otherwise I had not thought of." When it was accounted inferior to the Paradise Lost,[192] Philips says, "he could not hear with patience any such thing when related to him." It appears to me that these poems are so dissimilar in their structure and purpose that no comparison can be usefully

or justly instituted between them. That the Paradise Lost excels in variety of invention, in splendour of imagery, in magnificent thoughts and delineations, and in grandeur and sublimity of description, no doubt can be entertained; but the latter poem is finished with equal care, and as perfect in another style. The reasoning clear, the argument close and weighty, the expression most select and chosen, the versification harmonious, differing in structure from that of the former poem, but admirably in unison with the subject.'[193] The language, as in the poetry of Lucretius, always moves closely with the argument; plain and simple, where plain sense and simple sentiments only were required; while there are not wanting passages, rising into the greatest beauty and adorned with the richest fancy, that it would be difficult to surpass even in Paradise Lost. There is a severe and noble beauty in the structure and expression of the dialogue, which has always appeared to me to have imbibed the spirit of the Grecian stage, as felt in the most perfect and finished of its productions; where the boldest conceptions and the most refined beauties are seen in strict harmony with the progressive development of the plan, all contributing to the necessary uniformity of impression, and all obedient to the control of the poetic mind that created them. On the name given

to this poem, which is a relation of the Temptation, a learned writer observes: "Whatever may be thought of the manner or correctness with which this high matter has been handled by our eminent but most misguided poet, he spoke not in that unfair authority when he referred to this event,—the Temptation—the Paradise regained for us the second Adam, which had been lost by the successful temptation of our first Progenitor; this transaction symbolizing the whole victory of the Saviour of mankind over the Destroyer."[194] It is supposed that it was written while Milton was at Chalfont, though not published till five years after.[195] Of the Samson Agonistes it must be observed that the plot is not skilfully arranged, and that many of the lyrical measures are totally destitute of any intelligible rhythm; but it must ever be considered as one of the noblest dramas in our language. Its moral sentiment, its pathetic feeling, its noble and dignified thoughts, its wise and weighty maxims, its severe religious contemplations clothed in rich and select language and adorned with metaphor and figure, give a surprising elevation to the whole. Warburton considered it as a perfect piece, and as an imitation of the ancients, having, as it were, a certain gloominess intermixed with the sublime (the subject not very different, the fall of two heroes by a woman) which shows more serenely

in his Paradise Lost. It is creditable to the taste and judgment of Pope that he did not adopt Atterbury's suggestion of reviewing and polishing this piece.[196] Samson would have been twice shorn of his locks, and sunk into a modern son of Israel; and Pope would have failed on the same ground where his Master Dryden had fallen before him.[197]

To that multiplicity of attainments and extent of comprehension, says Johnson, that entitled this great author to our veneration may be added a kind of humble dignity which did not disdain the meanest service in literature. The epic poet, the controvertist, the politician, having already descended to accommodate children with a book of rudiments, now, in the last years of his life, composed a book of logic for the instruction of students in philosophy, and published Artis Logicæ plenior institutio ad Petri Rami Methodum concinnata. Of this book there was a second edition called for in the following year; it has never been translated, and is the only production of Milton that I confess I have never had the leisure or the curiosity to read.

In 1673 his treatise of True Religion, Heresie, Schism, Toleration, and what Best Means may be used against the Growth of Popery, was published. His principle of toleration is agreement in the sufficiency of Scripture, and he extends it to all

who profess to derive their opinions from the sacred writings. The Papists, appealing to other testimonies, are not to be tolerated, for though they plead conscience, "we have no warrant," he says, "to regard conscience, which is not founded on scripture." He considers a diligent perusal of the Bible as the best preservative against the error of the Popish Church, and he warns men of all professions—the countryman, the tradesman, the lawyer, the physician, the statesman—not to excuse themselves by their much business from the studious reading of the Bible. The object of Milton in this treatise was to form a "general Protestant union" against the Church of Rome, which he calls the "common adversary," not by any compromise of the peculiar tenets of the Protestant sects, but by a liberal and comprehensive toleration grounded on the principle of making the Bible the rule of faith. "Error," he says, "is not heresy," and he determines nothing to be heresy but a wilful alienation from, or addition to, the Scriptures. God, he says, will assuredly pardon all sincere inquiries after truth, though mistaken in some points of doctrine; and speaking of the founders or reviewers of such opinions in past times, he adds that God, having made no man infallible, hath pardoned their involuntary errors. Such, in the closing evening of his life, were the last thoughts of a pious,

a learned, and a powerful mind, on a question connected with the preservation of true religion. A century and a half has closed since this work was written against the "worst of superstitions, and the heaviest of God's judgments, Popery," and it has lately been republished by a most eminent and learned prelate, to exhibit the solidity of its arguments, and to prove the unimpeachable piety of the author.

In 1673, the same year in which the above-named treatise appeared, Milton reprinted his Juvenile Poems, with additions and some few corrections, accompanied with the Tractate on Education. That his Latin poems were not received with greater applause by the foreign scholars has always been matter of astonishment to me.[198] If some mistakes in quantity shocked the learning of Salmasius, or offended the taste of Heinsius,[199] we must recollect that they are but few and unimportant, while they are well compensated by a vigour of expression, a beauty of allusion, a fertility of imagery, and a truly poetical conception. Mr. Coleridge says: "You may find a few minute faults in Milton's Latin verses; but you will not persuade me that if these poems had come down to us as written in the age of Tiberius, we should not have considered them to be very beautiful."[200] Though Milton has formed his taste on the best

models, and drawn his language from the purest sources, his poems are not faded transcripts or slavish imitations of the ancients.[201] I know not where the scholars of the Continent could have gone for more beautiful specimens of modern poetry than his First Elegy and the Address to his Father; and has Lucretius himself ever clothed the bare and meagre form of metaphysical speculations in a robe of greater brilliancy, or adorned it with more dazzling jewels of poetry, than in the following lines? Who that reads the argument could have anticipated the change it underwent as it passed through the poet's mind?

DE IDEÂ PLATONICÂ
QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT

Dicite, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
Cælique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo:
. . . . . .
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimumve terris incolit Lunæ globum;
Sive, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas;

Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,
Atlante major portitore siderum.

In 1674, the last year of his laborious and honourable life, he published his Familiar Letters in Latin, to which he added some clever and pleasing academical exercises; and his long and splendid list of contributions to literature ended with a translation of the Latin declaration of the Poles in favour of John the Third. Some doubts, however, have been entertained as to this translation having proceeded from the pen of Milton; but as they turn entirely on the internal evidence of the style, they can admit of no perfect solution.[202]

Milton had long been a sufferer by the gout, which had now, with the advance of age, greatly enfeebled his constitution. Considering that his life was about to close,[203] he informed his brother Christopher that he wished to dictate to him the disposition of his property. He died by a quiet and silent expiration, on Sunday, the 8th of November, 1674,[204] at his house in Bunhill Fields, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, having survived the loss of his sight for three and twenty years. He was buried next his father in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate, attended, as Toland informs us, by "all his learned and great friends in Lon-

don, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar." His wife survived him the long period of fifty-four years.[205] Her receipt to the bookseller for the copyright of Milton's Prose Works exists, I am told, in the church library of Houghton Conquest.

The original stone laid upon the grave of Milton was removed not many years after his interment; and no memorial of the Poet's fame existed in the church in which he was buried[206] till, by Mr. Whitbread's munificence, a marble bust, and tablet recording the date of his birth and death, were erected in the middle aisle. To the author of Paradise Lost a similar tribute of respect was paid in 1737, by Mr. Auditor Benson; and his monument, adorned with a bust, was placed at the expense of that gentleman in Westminster Abbey.

Thus was Milton's wish, though late, fulfilled:

> Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,
> Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ:
> Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus.
>
> *Mansus*

When the inscription, written by Atterbury, to the memory of John Philips was exhibited to Dr. Sprat, then Dean of Westminster, he refused to admit it because the Poet was said to be "soli Miltono secundus." This anecdote was related to Johnson by Dr. Gregory. "Such has been the change

of opinion," he added, "that I have seen erected in the church the statue of that man, whose name I once knew considered as a pollution of its walls."

Milton, in his youth, is said to have been eminently handsome. He was called the Lady of his college.[207] His complexion was fresh and fair.[208] His hair, which was of a light brown, was parted in front, and hung down upon his shoulders.[209] He was of a moderate stature, or rather below the middle size. His eyes were of a grayish colour; and when he was totally deprived of sight, he says that they did not betray the loss. His voice and ear were musical.[210] He was vigorous and active, delighting in the exercise of the small sword. Of his figure in his declining days, the following sketch has been left by Richardson. An ancient clergyman of Dorsetshire, Dr. Wright, found John Milton in a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow-chair, and dressed neatly in black; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and feet gouty, and with chalk-stones. He used also to sit in a gray coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as well as in his room, he received the visits of people of distinguished parts, as well as quality.[211]

His domestic habits were those of a severe and temperate student. He drank little wine, and fed

JOHN MILTON

From a Portrait taken in Later Life

without any luxurious delicacy of choice. In his youth, he studied till midnight; but warned by the early decay of sight, and his disordered health, he afterwards changed his hours, and rested in bed[212] from nine till four in the summer, and five in the winter months. If at these hours he was not disposed to rise, he had a person at his bedside to read to him.[213] When he had risen he had a chapter in the Hebrew Bible read to him, and studied till twelve. He then took some exercise for an hour in his garden, dined, played on the organ, and either sang himself, or made his wife sing, who had a good voice, though not a musical ear. He again studied till six; entertained his visitors[214] till eight; and supped upon olives, or some light thing,[215] and after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, went to bed. That Milton and his wife used to dine in the kitchen, as appears in the affidavit of their maid-servant, Mary Fisher, I suppose might be owing to the homely and simple custom of the times among plain people, and cannot be adduced as a mark of poverty or meanness.[216]

He composed much in the night and morning, and dictated in the day, sitting obliquely in an elbow-chair, with his leg thrown over the arm. Fortune, as Johnson observes, appears not to have had much of his care. He lost, by different casualties, about four thousand pounds; yet his wants

were so few, and his habits of life so unexpensive, that he was never reduced to indigence. He sold part of his library before his death,[217] and left his widow about fifteen hundred pounds. She sold the remainder of the Poet's books to a bookseller at Shrewsbury. Fenton says: "Though he abode in the heritage of oppressors, and the spoils of the country lay at his feet, neither his conscience nor his honour could stoop to gather them."

It has been agreed by all that he was of an equal and cheerful temper, and pleasing and instructive in conversation.[218] His daughter said her father "was delightful company, the life of the conversation; and *that*, on account of a flow of subject, and an unaffected cheerfulness and civility." Richardson says that "Milton had a gravity in his temper, not melancholy, or not till the latter part of his life; not sour, or morose, or ill-natured; but a certain severity of mind, a mind not condescending to little things;" and Aubrey adds that "he was satirical."[219]

His literature was unquestionably immense; his adversaries admitted that he was the most able and acute scholar living. With the Hebrew and its two dialects he was well acquainted; in the Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish languages he was eminently skilled. In Latin, his knowledge was such as to place him in the first

rank of writers and critics. He himself relates that his round of study and reading was ceaseless; and that his life had not been unexpensive in learning and voyaging about. The classical books in which he most delighted were Homer, whose two poems, Toland says, he could almost repeat without book, Ovid's[220] Metamorphoses, and Euripides; his copy of the latter poet, with some critical observations in the margin, was in the possession of the late Sir Henry Halford.[221] Lord Charlemont, descended from a sister of Mr. King, the "Lycidas" of Milton, possessed his Lycophron, in which are some remarks written in his clear and beautiful hand. As a further proof of the diligence and exactness with which he read books of not common occurrence, I shall mention that I have seen a copy of the Sonnetti of Varchi that belonged to him, in which the most curious expressions and the more poetical passages were underlined, and marked with extraordinary care. He is said to have read Plautus repeatedly, in order "to rail with more choice phrase at Salmasius." Plato and Demosthenes are supposed to have been his favourite authors in Greek prose; and among the Roman historians, he has decreed to Sallust[222] the palm of superiority. His skill in Rabbinical literature, in which he has not been followed by his commentators, was unusually great. Of the English poets,

it is said he set most value on Spenser, Shakespeare, and Cowley. Spenser[223] was apparently his favourite. Of Jonson, Mr. Gifford says, Milton was the unwearied, though unnoticed follower. Dr. Johnson seems surprised at his approbation of Cowley, a poet whose ideas of excellence are so different from his own. These are facts for which it is difficult to account. Scaliger preferred Statius to Virgil; and who would have supposed that Rubens could have said, if he were not Rubens, he could wish to be Poëlemberg?

That Milton read the works of those dramatic poets who were the contemporaries or successors of Shakespeare is evident, from his having transplanted some of their beautiful expressions into his works; and he mentions in his Apology for Smectymnuus that he was much enamoured of romances in his youth. His character of Dryden was that he was a good rhymist, but no poet; for we may well suppose that the charms of Dryden's poetry possessed few attractions for his mind, which had long been formed in other models and in another school.

The political opinions of Milton were those of a thorough republican, which Johnson thinks was founded on an envious hatred of greatness and a sullen desire of independence.[224] This conclusion is so uncharitable and unjust that it must recoil

with injury on him who made it. No one can read Milton's writings, or contemplate his life, without being persuaded that his first desire was the freedom, and through that the happiness, of his country. Other great and good men were republicans, as well as Milton; and who, amid the difficulties of those evil days, was to direct his line of conduct so clearly as to say that no other course could be pursued with innocence and safety? I am not called upon to express an opinion as to the justice of the cause which he espoused,—a question which includes a multitude of relations, and is spread through too great a variety of circumstances, and must indeed be deduced through too minute explications, to admit of being comprehended in a work like this; but I am bound to vindicate his character from the charge of being influenced in his great patriotic exertions by any feelings but those of a good and elevated nature. Men of most enlightened minds, of inflexible virtue, and of the most devoted attachment to their country, sincere and most studious of the public happiness, were seen opposed to each other in the senate and the field. The same arguments do not operate with the same force on different minds. "In all the public contests we have had," says Algernon Sydney, "men of good judgment and integrity have filled both parties." There was a great and complicated

question before them, the dangers and difficulties of which thickened as it advanced; good and brave men looked on it in different shades of sorrow or of hope, according to their tempers or habits of thought; and that which Milton contemplated as the bright dawning of a more glorious day came lowering with such clouds and darkness as to sink the virtuous heart of Falkland even to despair. "I know," says Mr. Coleridge, "no portion of history which a man may write with so much pleasure as that of the great struggle in the time of Charles the First, because he may feel the profoundest respect for both parties. The side taken by a particular person was determined by the point of view which such person happened to command at the commencement of the inevitable collision, one line seeming straight to this man, another line to another. No man of his age saw the truth—the whole truth. There was not light enough for that."[225]

Harrington[226] had observed that "the troubles of the times were not to be attributed wholly to wilfulness or faction, neither to the misgovernment of the prince, nor the stubbornness of the people, but to a change in the balance of property, which since Henry the Seventh's time had been daily falling into the scale of the commons, from that of the king and the lords.[227] Thus, as a sensible and temperate writer observes, the opulence and

independence of the commons tended to produce a popular government, and the introduction of mercenary armies to aggrandize the crown. Hence the contest between the king and the people, the one to extend his prerogative, the other to augment their privileges.[228] The petition of rights collected the grievances of the nation into one view, and stated the acknowledged limits of the prerogative, and the undisputed rights of the people." Putting aside all favourite and partial views, and looking at the question with an equal indifference, it may be said that all must have seen the necessity of amending the manner in which the government was conducted; what wonder if some objected even to the form? The dispute in fact, as Dr. Balguy observes, was a conflict between governors who ruled by will not by law, and subjects who would not suffer the law itself to control their actions.[229] Milton might have despaired (for he had no example at home before him) of seeing that limited and legal monarchy which we never possessed till the reign of the Stuarts had passed away; and which for the first time erected the safety of the throne on the secured liberty of the subject and the inviolable sanctity of the laws. Periods like the one we are contemplating, occasionally recurring and long and secretly prepared, produce, when they arrive, great ferment and

desire of change in the minds of men; nor must we too severely blame those who in the ardour of hope aspire to a perfection that human institutions have never reached, and who, disgusted with the real abuses of the past, would turn to the imaginary advantages of the future. "It was the error of Milton," says Mr. Coleridge, "Sidney and others of that age, to think it possible to construct a pure and aristocratic government independent of all passion, and ignorance, and sordid nature." Milton wished for a republic, best securing, as he thought, the liberty and happiness of the people. Great then was his indignation when he saw the presbyterian synod throw away surplice and cope, and yet put on all but the old episcopal robes; and the man of "little less than divine virtue," the father of his country, the leader of her armies, the most glorious of her citizens, the founder and protector of her liberty; him who had despised the name of king for majesty, yet more majestic;[230] whom God manifestly favoured, that he was in all things his helper,—when he saw this bold, imperious usurper put off the Puritan's cloak, lay down his battered breastplate, and, "stepping on the neck of crowned fortune,"[231] take possession of the empty throne. He hated Popery, as it was slavish, ignorant, antichristian, and idolatrous. Deep, therefore, was his sorrow when he spoke of the

dissoluteness of a returning court, of a queen, in most likelihood outlandish and a Papist, and a queen mother, with their sumptuous court and numerous train. In disappointment and disgust he turned away from sights like these, to contemplate the example of the United Provinces, which he calls a potent and flourishing republic![232] "The most difficult passage," says Mr. Campbell, "of Milton's life for his biographers to comment on with entire satisfaction is his continued awe and terror of Cromwell's anger, after Cromwell had become a tyrant. Nor was he uncandid to deny that his fear of the return of the Stuarts, the symptoms of his having been seldom at the Usurper's court, and the circumstance of his having given his advice to spare the liberties of the people, form some apology for this negative adherence. But if the people, according to his own ideas, were capable of liberty after Cromwell's death, they were equally so before it; and a resignation of his profit under the Despot would have been a better and fuller sacrifice to public principles than any advice. From ordinary men this is more than could be expected, but Milton preached to others such austerity of duty, that in proportion to the altitude of his character the world, which looked to his principle, had a right to expect his practical virtue to be severe."[233]

The biographers of Milton, when speaking of his family, have mentioned his brother Christopher and his sister Anne. It appears by a more diligent inquiry that the names of two other sisters, Tabitha and Sarah, are mentioned in the baptismal register, and the death of Sarah only is recorded. Christopher was a royalist, and after his brother's death became a judge. In the rebellion he compounded for his estate, the fine levied upon him being two hundred pounds. He long resided at Ipswich, and in a neighbouring village of Rushmore,[234] where he died, and was buried in the porch of St. Nicholas, in March, 1692. He was knighted by James the Second. Philips says of him that he was a person of a modest and quiet temper, preferring justice and virtue before all worldly pleasure and grandeur; but that in the beginning of the reign of James the Second, for his known integrity and ability in law, he was by some persons of quality recommended to the king, and at a call of serjeants received the coif, and the same day was sworn one of the Barons of the Exchequer, and soon after made one of the judges of the Common Pleas; but his years and indisposition not well brooking the fatigue of public employment, he continued not long in either of these stations, but having his "Quietus est" retired to a country life, his study and devotion. This is the

person whom Dr. Symmons calls an "old dotard." Toland's account of him certainly is less favourable. He says that he "was of a very superstitious nature, and a man of no parts or ability, and that James, wanting a set of judges that could declare his will to be superior to our legal constitution, appointed him one of the Barons of Exchequer." His sister Anne was married first to a Mr. Philips, and after his death to a Mr. Agar; by her first husband she had two sons, Edward and John, whom Milton educated, who were persons of cleverness and learning, and both of whom were authors.[235] Edward's affection and respect for his uncle is displayed in every page of his biography. Milton had children only by his first wife; and three daughters, Anne, Mary, and Deborah, were the fruits of his marriage.[236] Anne, though deformed, married, and died in childbed. Mary died single. Deborah, the youngest, married Abraham Clark, a weaver, in Spitalfields, and lived seventy-six years, to August, 1727. This is the daughter of whom public mention is made. She could repeat, as Professor Ward of Gresham College related on his own knowledge, the first lines of Homer, of the Metamorphoses, and some of Euripides, from having often heard them. To her Addison made a present, and Queen Caroline sent her a purse of fifty guineas. She is reported to have been the

favourite of her father; though in consequence of a disagreement with her stepmother, three or four years before Milton's death she left his house and went to reside with a lady named Merian in Ireland. On being shown a portrait which strongly resembled Milton, she exclaimed with transport: "'Tis my father! 't is my dear father!"[237] When she was introduced to Addison, he said: "Madam, you need no other voucher, your face is a sufficient testimonial whose daughter you are."[238] She appeared to be a woman of good sense and genteel behaviour, and to bear the inconveniences of a low fortune with decency and prudence. Milton says, in his will, that he spent the greatest part of his estate in providing for his children in his lifetime. I presume that he speaks of the expense of their education, and their maintenance on a separate establishment, while learning curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture,[239] and embroidering in gold and silver. The story of their surreptitiously selling their father's books during his life rests on the testimony of a maid-servant alone, whom the biographers are disinclined to believe; but that they were undutiful and unkind children, careless of him when blind and deserting him in his age, we have unfortunately the authority of Milton himself.[240]

The last known survivor of the Poet's family was Elizabeth, the daughter of this Deborah

Clark,[241] who married Thomas Foster, a weaver, in Spitalfields. She kept a small chandler's shop near Shoreditch Church. In 1750, April 5, Comus was played for her benefit. The profits of the night were only a hundred and thirty pounds.[242] Of this sum, says Johnson, twenty pounds were given by Tonson, a man who is to be praised as often as he is named. One hundred pounds were placed in the funds, the rest augmented their little stock, with which they removed to Islington. Johnson closes his Life of Milton by informing us that he had the honour of contributing the Prologue to the play. Mrs. Foster died, aged sixty-six, in the year 1754.[243] Of the descendants of Sir Christopher Milton, some account is given in the Life of Milton by Newton.

It only now remains to give a short account of a Treatise of Theology, bearing the name of Milton, lately discovered. Toland, in his Life of Milton, had informed us that he compiled a system of divinity, but whether intended for public view, or collected merely for his own use, he could not determine; and Aubrey affords further particulars by mentioning that Milton's Idea Theologiæ was in manuscript in the hands of Mr. Skinner, a merchant's son in Mark Lane. Wood mentions Cyriack Skinner as the depository of this work, which he calls "The Body of Divinity," at that time, or at

least lately in the hands of Milton's acquaintance, Cyriack Skinner. It is well known that this treatise was discovered, with the name of Milton attached to it, by Mr. Lemon in the State Paper Office a few years since. It appears that Mr. Daniel Skinner commenced a correspondence with the celebrated Elzevir, the printer at Amsterdam, on the subject of the State Letters and the Theological Treatise of Milton. Skinner was at that time fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Of the Letters, and of the first one hundred and ninety-six pages of the Treatise, he had been the copyist. He is supposed also to have been one of those whom Milton had daily about him to read to him. On inspection of the manuscript, Elzevir was alarmed at the freedom of the political and theological opinions advanced in it, and declined printing it. Skinner took away the manuscript, which had by this time attracted the attention of the government. Isaac Barrow, then master of Trinity College, sent a peremptory order to Skinner to repair immediately to college, and warned him against publishing any writing mischievous to the Church and State. It is not known with exactness when Skinner returned to England, but he had an interview with Sir Joseph Williamson, Secretary of State, and it is supposed that he delivered up the manuscripts to him. The remainder of the

Treatise is written in a female hand, the same which transcribed the sonnet—

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint,

now among the manuscripts at Cambridge, and this scribe is supposed to have been his daughter Mary or Deborah.[244] This part of the volume is interspersed with interlineations and corrections in a different and unknown hand. The whole treatise reposed on the shelves of the old State Paper Office in Whitehall till the year 1823, when Mr. Lemon, the Deputy Keeper, discovered it, loosely wrapped up in two or three sheets of printed paper which proved to be the proof sheets of Elzevir's Horace. The State Letters were in the same parcel, and the whole was inclosed in a cover directed to Mr. Skinner, Merchant.[245]

The title of the work is De Doctrina Christiana,[246] ex sacris dumtaxat Libris petita, Disquisitionum Libri duo posthumi; but it is supposed to have been chosen after Milton's death, by those into whose possession the manuscript had passed. When it was discovered, it was placed in the hands of Dr. Sumner, then chaplain to his late Majesty, in conjunction with Mr. Sidney Walker, by whom it was carefully edited, and who also gave to the public a very elegant and exact translation.

Milton, it seems, was dissatisfied with the bodies

of divinity that were published, obscured by school terms and metaphysical notions, and "he deemed it safest, and most advisable to compile for himself, by his own labour and study, some original treatise, which should be always at hand, derived solely from the work of God himself." This work consists of two books, entitled Of the Knowledge of God, and of the Service of God. The first book is divided into thirty-three chapters, embracing mention of all the important doctrines of religious faith. The second book, consisting of seventeen chapters, includes a summary of the Duties of Man; and the work opens with a dignified and impressive salutation: "John Milton, to all the churches of Christ, and to all who profess the Christian faith, throughout the world, peace, and the recognition of the truth, and eternal salvation in God the Father, and in our Lord Jesus Christ."

This treatise has fully proved what had been partially and reluctantly suspected before, that Milton had, in his later years, adopted the opinions of Arianism;[247] and a minute inspection of his other works has shown their agreement, in sentiment and expression, with this lamented heresy.[248] It is generally allowed that this treatise is barren of recondite learning[249] or ingenious disquisition, and that it abounds more in scholastic subtleties than might be expected from one who was con-

stantly censuring them in others; but that it is written in a tone of calmness and moderation, without any polemical fierceness or personal hostility. Milton had sunk his animosities in the sanctity and importance of his subject; he was now discussing matters of much higher moment than the downfall of a "luxurious hierarchy" or the structure of particular churches. He was "teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue."

Milton, says one of his latest biographers, commenced his wanderings in religious belief from Puritanism to Calvinism, from Calvinism to an esteem for Arminius, and finally from an accordance with the Independents and Anabaptists, to a dereliction of every denomination of Protestants, changes which were first detailed by Toland, and which, with the suspicion of his Arianism, have not escaped the notice of a French writer. "Il ne faut pas être surpris des principes erronés de ce fougueux républicain en matière de religion, puisqu'il fut de toutes les sectes, et qu'il finit par n'être d'aucune. Dans ses poèmes épiques il parle de Jésus Christ en véritable Arien."[250] With regard to the eternal divinity of the Son, and the essential unity of the three divine persons of the Godhead, the learned editor of this volume has pointed out great and important contradictions even in Paradise Lost; and in Italy, it was on this ground

that under Benedict the Fourteenth the poem was a book proscribed.

The authenticity of this work has never, I believe, been questioned but by the learned and venerable Bishop of Salisbury,[251] who has been anxious to establish the evidence of Milton's orthodoxy, and consequently has found it necessary to deny the genuineness of a work that has spread into the widest latitudinarian principles; but it has been maintained by Mr. Todd, according to my opinion, with sound and forcible arguments; and to his work, conjointly with Dr. Sumner's preface, the reader is referred for information too copious to be transferred into the present narrative.[252] It is well known that in the latter part of his life Milton frequented no place of public worship; and Bishop Newton has given various conjectures on the subject. It must, however, be remembered that he was old, blind, and infirm; that he was hostile to the Liturgy of the established Church,[253] and at the same time not attached to any particular sect; that he had decidedly and forever separated from the Presbyterians, that he never frequented the churches of the Independents;[254] and that his allowed liberty of belief hardly consisted with the tenets of any particular sect; but we are told that he never passed a day without private meditation and study of the Scriptures, and that some[255] parts

of his family frequented the offices of public prayer. Knowing his religious opinions, and considering the great infirmities of his health, who could have expected more?

Toland[256] tells us that "in his early days he was a favourer of those Protestants then opprobriously called by the name of Puritans.[257] In his middle years he was best pleased with the Independents and Anabaptists, as allowing of more liberty than others, and coming nearest in his opinion to the primitive practice. But in the latter part of his life he was not a professed member of any particular sect among Christians; he frequented none of their assemblies, nor made use of their peculiar rites in his family. Whether this proceeded from a dislike of their uncharitable and endless disputes, and that love of dominion or inclination to persecution, which he said was a piece of Popery, inseparable from all churches; or whether he thought one might be a good man without subscribing to any party, and that they had all in some things corrupted the institutions of Jesus Christ, I will by no means adventure to determine: for conjectures on such occasions are very uncertain, and I never met with any of his acquaintance who could be positive in assigning the true reasons of his conduct."

Of this treatise, it is by all acknowledged that

it is written with a calm and conscientious desire for truth, like that of a man who had forgotten or dismissed the favourite animosities of his youth, and who had retired within himself, in the dignity of age, to employ the unimpaired energies of his intellect on the most important and awful subject of inquiry. The haughtiness of his temper, the defiance of his manner, his severe and stoical pride, are no longer seen. He approaches the book of God with an humble and reverential feeling; and with such a disposition of piety, united to so powerful an intellect, and such immense stores of learning, who would not have expected to have seen the "star-bright form" of Truth appear from out the cloud? But wherever we look, the pride of man's heart is lowered, and the weakness of humanity displayed. With all his great qualifications for the removal of error, and the discovery of truth, he failed. His views appear too exalted, his creed too abstract and imaginative, for general use. The religion which he sought was one that was not to be attached to any particular church, to be grounded on any settled articles of belief, to be adorned with any external ceremonies, or to be illustrated by any stated forms of prayer. It was to dwell alone in its holy meditations, cloistered from public gaze, and secluded within the humbler sanctuary of the adoring heart. If the believer

felt it to be his duty to attach himself to any particular church, that church was to be unconnected with the state. The ministers, if such were necessary, were to be unpensioned, perhaps unpaid by their congregations.[258] The sacraments were to be administered, and the rites of burial and baptism performed, by private and laick hands. Instead of receiving instruction from the preacher, each individual, even the weakest, according to the measure of his gifts, might instruct and exhort his brethren. The opinions advanced in this work differ not only widely from those of the Church of England, but, I believe, from all the sectarian churches that exist. With regard to his theological tenets, the most remarkable are those which he avows on what is called the anthropopathy of God; attributing to "God, a Spirit," human passions and a human form. "If," he says, "God habitually assigns to himself the members and form of man, why should we be afraid of attributing to him what he attributes to himself." To which I presume the answer would be, that such expressions are used in the revelations of God's will, to make it intelligible to man;[259] that the form of the revelation is accommodated to the narrowness of man's understanding and the limited circle of his knowledge; that it speaks to him through analogy, and that it is not designed to

acquaint him absolutely with the nature of God.

He denies the eternal filiation of the Son, his self-existence, his co-equality and co-essentiality with the Father. He believes that the Son existed in the beginning, and was the first of the whole creation, by whose delegated power all things were made in heaven and earth; begotten, not by natural necessity, but by the decree of the Father within the limits of time; endued with the divine nature and substance, but distinct from the Father, and inferior to him.[260] One with the Father in love and unanimity of will, and receiving everything, in his filial as well as in his mediatorial character, from the Father's gift.[261] Thus his Arian heresies are divulged; but he fully acknowledges the satisfaction and atonement made by the death of Christ for the sins of men. The Holy Ghost he considers as inferior to the Father and the Son. Matter, he says, is imperishable and eternal, because it not only is from God, but out of God,—"Non solum a Deo, sed ex Deo." Hence the body is immortal as the soul. His argument on the lawfulness of polygamy is singular indeed. What but the line which he adopted, of reasoning on the simple text and literal words of the Scriptures, could have prevented his acknowledging, that from a manner of life peculiar to the nations of the East, from the scantiness of population, from the safety and

strength derived from the unison of large families, from the non-existence of civilized communities, from the patriarchal authority of the father of the family and the acknowledged inferiority and dependence of the other members, from the advantage or necessity of increasing the numbers of mankind, permission was granted to "the gray fathers of the world," extending even to a connection between brothers and sisters; which in later ages, in higher civilization, in the sweeter charities of life, in purer morals, with more refined ideas, more tender sympathies, and under a holier and more spiritual religion, could not be entertained without sinfulness, nor established without degradation and disorder.[262] That which was harmless in the Arabian deserts, or among Chaldean tents,[263] could not be transplanted into the luxurious cities of the modern world, nor exist among the enlightened communities, the closer affinities, and the diversified relations of an advanced society. The divine laws were made suitable to the nature of humanity, which they were designed to amend; hence, in order to exalt it, they often bent to it; they stepped back, as it were, only to gain a stronger hold. But Milton should have remembered the early and imperious demands which God made for a purer and more personal religion through the voice of his prophets; and that the

too easy divorces which the laws of Moses allowed to the Jews, as the practice of usury permitted to the Canaanite, were explained by our Saviour, as not forming a part of the perfect law, or holy will of God, but as an unwilling allowance "to the hardness of their hearts."

"The Pride of Reason,"[264] it has been very judiciously observed, "though disclaimed by Milton with remarkable and probably with sincere earnestness, formed a principal ingredient in his character, and would have presented, under any circumstances, a formidable obstacle to the reception of the true faith." Caring nothing for institutions that were venerable, or for opinions that were sacred, he not only disdains to wear the opprobrious shackles of authority, but even the decent vestments of custom.[265] Safe in his own inflexible integrity, in the great purity of his heart and singleness of purpose, what his conscience dictates his courage proclaims. Impetuous, fearless, and uncompromising, he pushes on his inquiries, till they end in a defence of the death of the monarch, and the substitution of a visionary republic, in politics; in a denial of the external existence of the Son, in theology; and in the defence of a plurality of wives, in morals. Yet it must be remembered that he lived in an age when men were busy pulling down and building up; a fermentation was

spreading over the surface and dissolving the materials of society. Old faith was gone; old institutions were crumbling away. Long, splendid vistas of ideal perfection opened before men's eyes, dazzling their senses and confounding their judgments.[266] Gray-headed men, men grown old in the business of life and in the pursuit of practical wisdom, yielded to the syren influence. It pervaded the senate, the city, and the camp. What wonder, then, if the Poet, the visionary by his profession, the dreaming theorist, the man dwelling in ideal worlds and abstract notions, should be led astray?

Such are some of the singular opinions advanced in this curious and late-discovered document of Milton's faith.[267] They serve to show us that its author is everywhere the same,—the same severe and uncompromising investigator of truth, the same fearless and independent judge of its reality; in the honesty of his opinions uninfluenced, in the sanctity of his morals unblemished, in the fervour of his piety unquestioned. But there was, both in his political and religious opinions, a visionary attempt at perfection, a grasping of the ideal and the abstract, a lofty aspiration after the most exalted means, that while they supplied his imagination as a poet, in its boldest and most extended flights, unqualified him for the more cautious and

practical character of the theologian and the statesman.[268] There was much in his situation, as well as perhaps in the warmth of his disposition, unfavourable to the calm and dispassionate investigation of truth. His constant engagements in controversy, even from his youth, led him rather to enforce and exaggerate his opinions, than to consider the objections, or to avail himself of the advice of others. Nor did more than twenty years of blindness, which separated him much from society, and entirely from all active participation in the business of life, pass without producing their effect on his temper and on his intellect, on the direction of his researches, the tone of his opinions, and the conclusions of his judgment. An independence of opinion, approaching to singularity, and a confidence in himself, particularly of spiritual pride, characterized him even from his youth. In other times and under other circumstances they might gradually have given way to an enlarged acquaintance with the sentiments of others, and have been softened down by a friendly comparison with the feelings and opinions of society. Had he lived amid the blessing of peaceful times, under a settled constitution and a gentle sway, the violence of his feelings would have been subdued, and the startling boldness of his paradoxical theories modified or suppressed. His

temper would not have experienced its stormy trials, and his lofty and heroic virtues would have assumed the more engaging garb of Christian mildness and charity. But his prejudices and partialities were increased and not removed by the circumstances of his life. The men with whom he lived were of like sentiments with himself, as inflexible, as impracticable, as violent,[269] and as visionary. "The disturbed politics of Milton," says an enlightened memorialist, "are fraught with all the popular rumours and passions of the day." His republican theories were strengthened by the visions of the ancient philosophers, the declamations of their orators, and the maxims of the poets; and his dislike of our established Church deprived him of the profound and admirable treatises, treasures of sound and real learning, which would have conducted him safely through the subtleties of a disputed theology; or at least made him pause before he gave way to an alarming and afflicting heresy. We cannot search the hearts of men, but we are bound to interpret their actions with candour and charity. The scruples of an enlightened conscience, and the decisions of a severe and impartial judgment, must be looked on with reverence by all. "You and I" (such were the dying words of a virtuous and venerable prelate,[270] who had from conscientious motives descended from

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the highest honours to a private station),—"you and I have gone different ways in the late affairs; but I trust heaven's gates are wide enough to admit us both. What I have done I have done in the integrity of my heart, indeed,—in the great integrity of my heart."

"The same calmness," says Mr. Coleridge, in another place, "and even greater self-possession may be affirmed of Milton, as far as his poems and poetic character are concerned. He reserved his anger for the enemies of religious freedom and his country. My mind is not capable of forming a more august conception than arises from the contemplation of this great man in his latter days,—poor, sick, old, blind, slandered, persecuted,—

> Darkness before and danger's voice behind,

in an age in which he was as little understood by the party for whom, as by that against whom, he had contended, and among men before whom he strode so far as to dwarf himself by the distance; yet still listening to the music of his own flights, or if additionally cheered, yet cheered only by the prophetic faith of two or three solitary individuals, he did nevertheless

> argue not
> Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope, but still bore up and steer'd
> Right onward.

From others only do we derive our knowledge that Milton, in his latter days, had his scorners and detractors; and even in his day of youth and hope that he had enemies would have been unknown to us had they not been likewise the enemies of his country."[271]

And now let the Life of this our immortal Poet close with the discriminate and affecting eulogy of one who, himself a Philosopher and Poet, could justly estimate the exalted greatness of the character he is describing: "In the close of the former period (reign of James the First), and during the bloom of the latter (Commonwealth), the poet Milton was educated and formed; and he survived the latter and all the fond hopes and aspirations which had been its life; and so in evil days, standing as the representative of the combined excellence of both periods, he produced the Paradise Lost as by an after-throe of nature. 'There are some persons,' observes a divine, a contemporary of Milton's, 'of whom the grace of God takes early hold, and the good spirit inhabiting them, carries them on in an even constancy through innocence into virtue, their Christianity bearing equal date with their manhood, and reason and religion, like warp and woof, running together, make up one web of a wise and exemplary life. This,' he adds, 'is a most happy case, wherever it

happens; for, besides that there is no sweeter or more lovely thing on earth than the early buds of piety, which drew from our Saviour signal affection to the beloved disciple, it is better to have no wound than to experience the most sovereign balsam, which, if it work a cure, yet usually leaves a scar behind.' Although it was, and is, my intention to defer the consideration of Milton's own character to the conclusion of this Lecture, yet I could not prevail on myself to approach the Paradise Lost without impressing on your minds the conditions under which such a work was, in fact, productible at all, the original genius having been assumed as the immediate agent and efficient cause; and these conditions I find in the character of the times and in his own character. The age in which the foundations of his mind were laid, was congenial to it as one golden æra of profound erudition and individual genius; that in which the superstructure was carried up was no less favourable to it by a sternness of discipline and a show of self-control, highly flattering to the imaginative dignity of an heir of fame, and which won Milton over from the dear-loved delights of academic groves and cathedral aisles to the anti-prelatic party. It acted on him, too, no doubt, and modified his studies by a characteristic controversial spirit (his presentation of God is tinted with

it),—a spirit not less busy indeed in political than in theological and ecclesiastical dispute, but carrying on the former almost always, more or less, in the guise of the latter. And so far as Pope's censure[272] of our poet—that he makes God the Father a school divine—is just, we must attribute it to the character of his age, from which the men of genius who escaped, escaped by a worse disease, the licentious indifference of a Frenchified court.

"Such was the nidus or soil which constituted, in the strict sense of the word, the circumstances of Milton's mind. In his mind itself there were purity and piety absolute; an imagination to which neither the past nor the present were interesting, except as far as they called forth and enlivened the great ideal in which and for which he lived; a keen love of truth, which, after many weary pursuits, found a harbour in a sublime listening to the still voice in his own spirit, and as keen a love of his country, which, after a disappointment still more depressive, expanded and soared into a love of man as a probationer of immortality. These were, these alone could be, the conditions under which such a work as the Paradise Lost could be conceived and accomplished. By a life-long study Milton had known—

> What was of use to know,
> What best to say could say, to do had done.
> His actions to his words agreed, his words
> To his large heart gave utterance due, his heart
> Contain'd of good, wise, fair, the perfect shape;

and he left the imperishable total, as a bequest to the ages coming, in the Paradise Lost."

SAMSON AGONISTES

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such-like passions; that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion; for so in physic things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33; and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a Chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his *Ajax*, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which he entitled *Christ Suffering*. This is mentioned to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day, with other common interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons: which by all judicious hath been counted

absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an Epistle; in behalf of this tragedy, coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be epistled: that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the Chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks *Monostrophic*, or rather *Apolelymenon*, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epode, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or, being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called *Allæostropha*. Division into act and scene, referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended), is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy, or disposition of the fable, as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is, according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

THE ARGUMENT

Samson, made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father, Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian lords for Samson's redemption; who in the meanwhile is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or shew his strength in their presence. He at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him. The Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope to procure ere long his son's deliverance; in the midst of which discourse an Ebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly, relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

THE PERSONS

SAMSON.

MANOA, THE FATHER OF SAMSON.

DALILA, HIS WIFE.

HARAPHA OF GATH.

PUBLIC OFFICER.

MESSENGER.

CHORUS OF DANITES.

THE SCENE, BEFORE THE PRISON IN GAZA.

SAMSON AGONISTES

Samson

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade;
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught. But here I feel amends,
The breath of heaven fresh-blowing, pure and
sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works, unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence, with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease;
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present

Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
Oh wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an Angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His godlike presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits, if I must die
Betray'd, captived, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious
strength,
Put to the labour of a beast, debased
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver:
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction: what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,

SAMSON AGONISTES

Oh dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse

Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace! I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries,
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail; but, chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies! Oh worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eased,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me:
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,

Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
Oh dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first-created beam, and thou great Word,
"Let there be light, and light was over all,"
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
The Sun to me is dark
And silent as the Moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but, Oh yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave;
Buried, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial

From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs;
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.
But who are these? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet steering this way;
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,
Their daily practice to afflict me more.
Chorus. This, this is he; softly a while;
Let us not break in upon him.
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,
With languish'd head unpropt,
As one past hope, abandon'd,
And by himself given over;
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
O'er-worn and soil'd.
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
That heroic, that renown'd,
Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd
No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could withstand;
Who tore the lion as the lion tears the kid;
Ran on embattled armies clad in iron,
And, weaponless himself,
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery

Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,
Chalybean-temper'd steel, and frock of mail
Adamantean proof:
But safest he who stood aloof,
When insupportably his foot advanced,
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd
Their plated backs under his heel,
Or grovelling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
A thousand foreskins fell, the flower of Palestine,
In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day:
Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore,
The gates of Azza, post and massy bar,
Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so;
Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven.
Which shall I first bewail,
Thy bondage or lost sight,
Prison within prison
Inseparably dark?
Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)
The dungeon of thyself; thy soul

(Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)
Imprison'd now indeed
In real darkness of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light
To incorporate with gloomy night;
For inward light, alas!
Puts forth no visual beam.
O mirror of our fickle state,
Since man on earth unparallel'd!
The rarer thy example stands,
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen.
For him I reckon not in high estate
Whom long descent of birth
Or the sphere of fortune raises;
But thee, whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
Might have subdued the Earth,
Universally crown'd with highest praises.
Sams. I hear the sound of words; their sense the air
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.
Chor. He speaks; let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,
The glory late of Israel, now the grief!
We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown,

From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,
To visit or bewail thee; or, if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy sores; apt words have power to swage
The tumours of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

Sams. Your coming, friends, revives me; for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who "friends"
Bear in their superscription (of the most
I would be understood). In prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
How many evils have enclosed me round;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
Blindness; for had I sight, confused with shame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who like a foolish pilot have shipwrack'd
My vessel trusted to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd, and for a word, a tear,
Fool! have divulged the secret gift of God
To a deceitful woman? Tell me, friends,
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
In every street? Do they not say, "How well
Are come upon him his deserts"? Yet why?
Immeasurable strength they might behold

In me; of wisdom nothing more than mean:
This with the other should, at least, have pair'd;
These two, proportion'd ill, drove me transverse.

Chor. Tax not divine disposal; wisest men
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceived;
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;
Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather
Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

Sams. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleased
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed
The daughter of an infidel: they knew not
That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urged
The marriage on, that by occasion hence
I might begin Israel's deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving false, the next I took to wife
(O that I never had! fond wish too late!)
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the same end, still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressors. Of what now I suffer
She was not the prime cause, but I myself,

Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, (O weakness!)
Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.
Chor. In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:
Yet Israel still serves with all his sons.
Sams. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Israel's governors and heads of tribes,
Who, seeing those great acts which God had done
Singly by me against their conquerors,
Acknowledged not, or not at all consider'd,
Deliverance offer'd: I, on the other side,
Used no ambition to commend my deeds;
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer.
But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Their lords, the Philistines, with gather'd powers,
Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of Etham was retired,
Not flying, but forecasting in what place
To set upon them, what advantaged best.
Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent
The harass of their land, beset me round:
I willingly on some conditions came
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me

To the uncircumcised a welcome prey,
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were
threads
Touch'd with the flame: on their whole host I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choicest youth; they only lived who fled.
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,
And lorded over them whom now they serve.
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty,
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favour raised
As their deliverer? If he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds!
Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
Their great deliverer contemn'd,
The matchless Gideon, in pursuit
Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings:
And how ingrateful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear,
Defended Israel from the Ammonite,
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride

In that sore battle when so many died
Without reprieve, adjudged to death
For want of well pronouncing *Shibboleth.*
Sams. Of such examples add me to the roll;
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's proposed deliverance not so.
Chor. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all:
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself.
Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
As to his own edicts found contradicting;
Then give the reins to wandering thought,
Regardless of his glory's diminution;
Till, by their own perplexities involved,
They ravel more, still less resolved,
But never find self-satisfying solution.
As if they would confine the interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,
And hath full right to exempt
Whomso it pleases him by choice
From national obstriction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt;
For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means,
Nor in respect of the enemy just cause
To set his people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,
Unclean, unchaste.
Down, Reason, then; at least, vain reasonings down;
Though Reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaste was subsequent; her stain, not his.
But see! here comes thy reverend sire,
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoa: advise
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.
Sams. Ay me! another inward grief, awaked
With mention of that name, renews the assault.
Manoa. Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem
Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,
My son, now captive, hither hath inform'd
Your younger feet, while mine, cast back with age,
Came lagging after, say if he be here.
Chor. As signal now in low dejected state
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.
Man. O miserable change! Is this the man,

That invincible Samson, far renown'd,
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to Angels' walk'd their streets,
None offering fight; who, single combatant,
Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,
Himself an army, now unequal match
To save himself against a coward arm'd
At one spear's length? O ever-failing trust
In mortal strength! and, oh, what not in man
Deceivable and vain! Nay, what thing good
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy:
Who would be now a father in my stead?
Oh wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn
hand
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?
For this did the Angel twice descend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
Select and sacred? glorious for a while,
The miracle of men: then in an hour
Ensnared, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy foes' derision, captive, poor and blind,
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves!

Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to so foul indignities,
Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

Sams. Appoint not heavenly disposition, father.
Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
But justly; I myself have brought them on,
Sole author I, sole cause: if aught seem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who have profaned
The mystery of God, given me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.
This well I knew, nor was at all surprised,
But warn'd by oft experience. Did not she
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her highth
Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it straight
To them who had corrupted her, my spies,
And rivals? In this other was there found
More faith? who also in her prime of love,
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
Though offer'd only, by the scent conceived,
Her spurious first-born, Treason against me.
Thrice she assay'd, with flattering prayers and sighs,
And amorous reproaches, to win from me
My capital secret, in what part my strength

Lay stored, in what part summ'd, that she might
know;
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly and with what impudence
She purposed to betray me, and (which was worse
Than undissembled hate) with what contempt
She sought to make me traitor to myself.
Yet the fourth time, when mustering all her wiles,
With blandish'd parleys, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceased not day nor night
To storm me over-watch'd and wearied out,
At times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
Who with a grain of manhood well resolved
Might easily have shook off all her snares;
But foul effeminacy held me yoked
Her bond-slave. O indignity, O blot
To honour and religion! servile mind
Rewarded well with servile punishment!
The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
As was my former servitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
That saw not how degenerately I served.

Man. I cannot praise thy marriage choices, son,
Rather approved them not; but thou didst plead

Divine impulsion prompting how thou mightst
Find some occasion to infest our foes.
I state not that; this I am sure, our foes
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms,
To violate the sacred trust of silence
Deposited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit was in thy power. True; and thou bear'st
Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains;
This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrate in Gaza, and proclaim
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud,
To Dagon, as their god who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samson, bound and blind, into their hands,
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,
Besides whom is no god, compared with idols,
Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

Sams. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought

To Dagon, and advanced his praises high
Among the heathen round; to God have brought
Dishonour, obloquy, and oped the mouths
Of idolists and atheists; have brought scandal
To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before
To waver, or fall off and join with idols:
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
This only hope relieves me, that the strife
With me hath end: all the contest is now
'Twixt God and Dagon. Dagon hath presumed,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked,
But will arise, and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words
I as a prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name
Against all competition, nor will long

Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?
Thou must not in the mean while here forgot
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge,
By pains and slaveries, worse than death, inflicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

Sams. Spare that proposal, father, spare the trouble
Of that solicitation; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment,
And expiate, if possible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front! But I
God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully: a sin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn
To their Abyss and horrid pains confined.

Man. Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, son;

Repent the sin; but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;
Or the execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself. Perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who ever more approves and more accepts
(Best pleased with humble and filial submission)
Him who imploring mercy sues for life
Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due;
Which argues over-just, and self-displeased
For self-offence, more than for God offended.
Reject not then what offer'd means who knows
But God hath set before us to return thee
Home to thy country and his sacred house,
Where thou mayst bring thy offerings, to avert
His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd.

Sams. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
To what end should I seek it? When in strength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes,
With youthful courage, and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from Heaven foretold and high exploits,
Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The sons of Anak, famous now and blazed,
Fearless of danger, like a petty god
I walk'd about, admired of all and dreaded

On hostile ground, none daring my affront:
Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life,
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me,
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
Shaven, and disarm'd among my enemies.

Chor. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou couldst repress; nor did the dancing ruby,
Sparkling out-pour'd, the flavour, or the smell,
Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men,
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

Sams. Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure
With touch ethereal of Heaven's fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envied them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidden made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook!

Sams. But what avail'd this temperance, not complete
Against another object more enticing?
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,
Now blind, dishearten'd, shamed, dishonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve
My nation, and the work from Heaven imposed?
But to sit idle on the household hearth,
A burdenous drone; to visitants a gaze,
Or pitied object; these redundant locks,
Robustious to no purpose, clustering down,
Vain monument of strength; till length of years
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure.
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of servile food
Consume me, and oft-invocated death
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift
Which was expressly given thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn.
But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay

After the brunt of battle, can as easy
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast.
And I persuade me so: why else this strength
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
His might continues in thee not for nought,
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

Sams. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,
Nor the other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat; Nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself;
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
From anguish of the mind, and humours black
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Must not omit a father's timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom, or how else: meanwhile be calm,
And healing words from these thy friends admit.

Sams. O that torment should not be confined
To the body's wounds and sores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast, and reins;

But must secret passage find
To the inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense,
Though void of corporal sense!
  My griefs not only pain me
As a lingering disease,
But, finding no redress, ferment and rage;
Nor less than wounds immedicable
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.
Thoughts my tormentors, arm'd with deadly stings,
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or med'cinal liquor can asswage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure:
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of Heaven's desertion.
  I was his nursling once and choice delight,
His destined from the womb,
Promised by heavenly message twice descending.
Under his special eye
Abstemious I grew up and thrived amain;

He led me on to mightiest deeds,
Above the nerve of mortal arm,
Against the uncircumcised, our enemies:
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provoked,
Left me all helpless, with the irreparable loss
Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless:
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death,
The close of all my miseries and the balm.

Chor. Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude,
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought;
But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,

Secret refreshings that repair his strength
And fainting spirits uphold.
God of our fathers! what is Man,
That thou towards him with hand so various
(Or might I say contrarious?)
Temper'st thy providence through his short course,
Not evenly, as thou rulest
The angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute?
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wandering loose about
Grow up and perish as the summer fly,
Heads without name, no more remember'd;
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,
To some great work, thy glory,
And people's safety, which in part they effect:
Yet toward these, thus dignified, thou oft,
Amidst their highth of noon,
Changest thy countenance and thy hand, with no regard
Of highest favours past
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.
Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscured, which were a fair dismission,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high,
Unseemly falls in human eye,

Too grievous for the trespass or omission;
Oft leavest them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and profane, their carcases
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived,
Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.
If these they scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases and deform'd,
In crude old age;
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering
The punishment of dissolute days: in fine,
Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.
So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already!
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.
But who is this? what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,

Courted by all the winds that hold them play;
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem;
And now, at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife.

Sams. My wife! my traitress! let her not come near me.

Chor. Yet on she moves; now stands and eyes thee fix'd,
About to have spoke; but now, with head declined,
Like a fair flower surcharged with dew, she weeps,
And words address'd seem into tears dissolved,
Wetting the borders of her silken veil:
But now again she makes address to speak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event than I foresaw),
My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
No way assured. But conjugal affection,
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on, desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If aught in my ability may serve
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease

Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

Sams. Out, out, hyæna! these are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray;
Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,
His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men, full oft beguiled,
With goodness principled not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Entangled with a poisonous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
As I by thee, to ages an example.

Dal. Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour
To lessen or extenuate my offence,
But that on the other side if it be weigh'd
By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,
Or else with just allowance counterpoised,
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.

First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them, both common female faults:
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is for nought,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
To what I did thou shew'dst me first the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not.
Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:
Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
Let weakness then with weakness come to parle,
So near related, or the same of kind;
Thine forgive mine, that men may censure thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not
More strength from me than in thyself was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,
Caused what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy; fear'd lest one day thou wouldst leave me
As her at Timna; sought by all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power

Thy key of strength and safety. Thou wilt say
"Why then reveal'd?" I was assured by those
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody and hold:
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night,
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love.
These reasons in love's law have pass'd for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much
woe,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not austere
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Sams. How cunningly the sorceress displays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!
That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, the example,
I led the way: bitter reproach, but true;
I to myself was false ere thou to me.
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly

Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
Confess it feign'd. Weakness is thy excuse,
And I believe it; weakness to resist
Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
With God or man will gain thee no remission.
But love constrain'd thee! Call it furious rage
To satisfy thy lust: love seeks to have love;
My love how couldst thou hope, who took'st the way
To raise in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?
In vain thou strivest to cover shame with shame,
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

Dal. Since thou determinest weakness for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
Which might have awed the best-resolved of men,
The constantest, to have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
That wrought with me: thou know'st the magistrates

And princes of my country came in person,
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urged,
Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion; press'd how just it was,
How honourable, how glorious, to entrap
A common enemy, who had destroy'd
Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the gods
It would be to ensnare an irreligious
Dishonourer of Dagon. What had I
To oppose against such powerful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest. At length, that grounded maxim,
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield, with grave authority
Took full possession of me and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining.
Sams. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end,
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy!
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
I before all the daughters of my tribe

And of my nation chose thee from among
My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knew'st,
Too well; unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but overpower'd
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judged an enemy. Why then
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection, but my own;
Thou mine, not theirs. If aught against my life
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations;
No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men conspiring to uphold their state
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
For which our country is a name so dear;
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal moved thee!
To please thy gods thou didst it! gods unable
To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, gods cannot be;
Less therefore to be pleased, obey'd, or fear'd.
These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear!

Dal. In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

Sams. For want of words, no doubt, or lack of breath;
Witness when I was worried with thy peals.
Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
In what I thought would have succeeded best.
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson;
Afford me place to shew what recompense
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
Misguided; only what remains past cure
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
To afflict thyself in vain. Though sight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
Where other senses want not their delights,
At home in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eyesight exposes daily men abroad.
I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
With me, where my redoubled love and care,
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age,
With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supplied,
That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.
Sams. No, no; of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;
Nor think me so unwary or accurst
To bring my feet again into the snare

Where once I have been caught. I know thy trains,
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils;
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
No more on me have power, their force is null'd;
So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
Loved, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could hate
me,
Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forgo me;
How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in most things as a child
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
And last neglected! How wouldst thou insult,
When I must live uxorious to thy will
In perfect thraldom! how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the lords
To gloss upon, and censuring frown or smile!
This jail I count the house of liberty
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.
Dal. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.
Sams. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance
wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee, go with that;
Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious women, faithful wives:

Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

Dal. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To prayers than winds and seas; yet winds to seas
Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore:
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate,
Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounced?
To mix with thy concernments I desist
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouth'd,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.
My name, perhaps, among the circumcised
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
To all posterity may stand defamed,
With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced.
But in my country, where I most desire,
In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
I shall be named among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who, to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose

Above the faith of wedlock bands; my tomb
With odours visited and annual flowers;
Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim
Jael, who with inhospitable guile
Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nail'd.
Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
The public marks of honour and reward
Conferr'd upon me for the piety
Which to my country I was judged to have shewn.
At this whoever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor. She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Sams. So let her go: God sent her to debase me,
And aggravate my folly, who committed
To such a viper his most sacred trust
Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possess'd, nor can be easily
Repulsed, without much inward passion felt,
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Sams. Love quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
Not wedlock treachery endangering life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win, or long inherit;

But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
Which way soever men refer it;
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
Or seven, though one should musing sit.
If any of these, or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy paranymph, worthless to thee compared,
Successor in thy bed,
Nor both so loosely disallied
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
Capacity not raised to apprehend
Or value what is best
In choice, but oftest to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing, or not long?
Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Intestine, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent; or by her charms

Draws him awry, enslaved
With dotage, and his sense depraved
To folly and shameful deeds, which ruin ends.
What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,
Embark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm?
  Favour'd of Heaven who finds
One virtuous, rarely found,
That in domestic good combines!
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
But virtue which breaks through all opposition,
And all temptation can remove,
Most shines and most is acceptable above.
  Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour:
So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not sway'd
By female usurpation, nor dismay'd.
  But had we best retire? I see a storm.
  Sams. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.
  Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.
  Sams. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.
  Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear

The bait of honey'd words; a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward; I know him by his stride,
The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
Haughty, as is his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? What wind hath blown him hither
I less conjecture than when first I saw
The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Sams. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

Chor. His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

Harapha. I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath;
Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd
As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old
That Kiriathaim held: thou know'st me now,
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,
Incredible to me, in this displeased,
That I was never present on the place
Of those encounters, where we might have tried
Each other's force in camp or listed field;
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report.

Sams. The way to know were not to see, but taste.

Har. Dost thou already single me? I thought
Gyves and the mill had tamed thee. O that fortune
Had brought me to the field where thou art famed
To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw!
I should have forced thee soon with other arms,
Or left thy carcase where the ass lay thrown:
So had the glory of prowess been recover'd
To Palestine, won by a Philistine
From the unforeskinn'd race, of whom thou bear'st
The highest name for valiant acts; that honour,
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

Sams. Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do
What then thou wouldst; thou seest it in thy hand.

Har. To combat with a blind man I disdain,
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

Sams. Such usage as your honourable lords
Afford me, assassinated and betray'd;
Who durst not with their whole united powers
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber ambushes
Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,
Till they had hired a woman with their gold,
Breaking her marriage faith, to circumvent me.
Therefore, without feign'd shifts, let be assign'd

Some narrow place enclosed, where sight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,
Vant-brace and greaves and gauntlet; add thy spear,
A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield;
I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
That in a little time, while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath, to boast
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms
Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,
Their ornament and safety, had not spells
And black enchantments, some magician's art,
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from Heaven
Feign'dst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,
Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
Were bristles ranged like those that ridge the back
Of chafed wild boars or ruffled porcupines.

Sams. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;
My trust is in the living God, who gave me,
At my nativity this strength, diffused

No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
Go to his temple, invocate his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
Which I to be the power of Israel's God
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
Offering to combat thee, his champion bold,
With the utmost of his godhead seconded:
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

Har. Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be;
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy enemies' hand; permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee
Into the common prison, there to grind
Among the slaves and asses, thy comrades,
As good for nothing else, no better service
With those thy boisterous locks, no worthy match
For valour to assail, nor by the sword
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,
But by the barber's razor best subdued.

Sams. All these indignities, for such they are
From thine, these evils I deserve and more,

Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant;
In confidence whereof I once again
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whose god is God,
Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

Har. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
He will accept thee to defend his cause,
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber!

Sams. Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou prove me these?

Har. Is not thy nation subject to our lords?
Their magistrates confess'd it when they took thee
As a league-breaker, and deliver'd bound
Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed
Notorious murder on those thirty men
At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,
Then, like a robber, stripp'dst them of their robes?
The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,
To others did no violence nor spoil.

Sams. Among the daughters of the Philistines
I chose a wife, which argued me no foe,
And in your city held my nuptial feast;
But your ill-meaning politician lords,

Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty spies,
Who, threatening cruel death, constrain'd the bride
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
That solved the riddle which I had proposed.
When I perceived all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chanced,
I used hostility, and took their spoil,
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My nation was subjected to your lords!
It was the force of conquest: force with force
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.
But I, a private person, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presumed
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts!
I was no private, but a person raised
With strength sufficient and command from Heaven
To free my country: if their servile minds
Me, their deliverer sent, would not receive,
But to their masters gave me up for nought,
The unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.
I was to do my part from Heaven assign'd,
And had perform'd it if my known offence
Had not disabled me, not all your force.
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,

Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
As a petty enterprise of small enforce.
Har. With thee, a man condemn'd, a slave enroll'd,
Due by the law to capital punishment?
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.
Sams. Camest thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
But take good heed my hand survey not thee.
Har. O Baal-zebub! can my ears unused
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?
Sams. No man withholds thee; nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van;
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.
Har. This insolence other kind of answer fits.
Sams. Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down,
To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.
Har. By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries in irons loaden on thee.
Chor. His giantship is gone somewhat crestfall'n,
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,

And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.
Sams. I dread him not, nor all his giant brood,
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size, Goliah chief.
Chor. He will directly to the lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.
Sams. He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the offer or not;
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,
If they intend advantage of my labours,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping,
With no small profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence;
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out, because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.
Chor. Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd,
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might

To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous, and all such as honour truth!
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd;
Their armouries and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With wingèd expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surprised
Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.
  But patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might endued
Above the sons of men; but sight bereaved
May chance to number thee with those
Whom patience finally must crown.
  This Idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
Labouring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands;

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And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
For I descry this way
Some other tending; in his hand
A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,
Comes on amain, speed in his look.
By his habit I discern him now
A public officer, and now at hand:
His message will be short and voluble.

Off. Ebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek.

Chor. His manacles remark him; there he sits.

Off. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say:
This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
And now some public proof thereof require
To honour this great feast, and great assembly.
Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad,
To appear as fits before the illustrious lords.

Sams. Thou know'st I am an Ebrew; therefore tell them
Our law forbids at their religious rites
My presence: for that cause I cannot come.

Off. This answer, be assured, will not content them.

Sams. Have they not sword-players, and every sort
Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,

Jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
But they must pick me out, with shackles tired,
And over-labour'd at their public mill,
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more,
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou camest; I will not come.

Off. Regard thyself; this will offend them highly.

Sams. Myself! my conscience, and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debased
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
To shew them feats, and play before their god,
The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt! I will not come.

Off. My message was imposed on me with speed,
Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

Sams. So take it with what speed thy message needs.

Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Sams. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Chor. Consider, Samson; matters now are strain'd

Up to the highth, whether to hold or break:
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another message, more imperious,
More lordly thundering than thou well wilt bear.

Sams. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to idols,
A Nazarite, in place abominable,
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon?
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, profane?

Chor. Yet with this strength thou servest the Philistines,
Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean.

Sams. Not in their idol-worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power.

Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

Sams. Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds:
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? The Philistian lords command:
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, venturing to displease

God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind; which in his jealousy
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me, or thee,
Present in temples at idolatrous rites
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

Chor. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

Sams. Be of good courage; I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be aught of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

Chor. In time thou hast resolved; the man returns.

Off. Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say: Art thou our slave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
And darest thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? Come without delay;
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

Sams. I could be well content to try their art,

Which to no few of them would prove pernicious;
Yet, knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go:
Masters' commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection;
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
(So mutable are all the ways of men!)
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

Off. I praise thy resolution. Doff these links:
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

Sams. Brethren, farewell: your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends; and how the sight
Of me as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,
I know not. Lords are lordliest in their wine;
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fired
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd;
No less the people on their holy-days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable.
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself;
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor. Go, and the Holy One

Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name
Great among the heathen round;
Send thee the Angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire; that Spirit that first rush'd on thee
In the camp of Dan,
Be efficacious in thee now at need!
For never was from Heaven imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.
But wherefore comes old Manoa in such haste
With youthful steps? Much livelier than erewhile
He seems: supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?
Man. Peace with you, brethren! My inducement hither
Was not at present here to find my son,
By order of the lords new-parted hence
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came, the city rings,
And numbers thither flock; I had no will,
Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly.
But that which moved my coming now was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have

With good success to work his liberty.
Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee: say, reverend sire; we thirst to hear.
Man. I have attempted, one by one, the lords,
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and father's tears,
To accept of ransom for my son, their prisoner.
Some much averse I found, and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
That part most reverenced Dagon and his priests:
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and State
They easily would set to sale: a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough revenged, having reduced
Their foe to misery beneath their fears;
The rest was magnanimity to remit,
If some convenient ransom were proposed.
What noise or shout was that? It tore the sky.
Chor. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shewn.
Man. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,

And he in that calamitous prison left.
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forgo
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.
Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all;
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
Thou in old age carest how to nurse thy son,
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.
Man. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in his house, ennobled
With all those high exploits by him achieved,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd.
And I persuade me God had not permitted
His strength again to grow up with his hair,
Garrison'd round about him like a camp
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him further yet in some great service,
Not to sit idle with so great a gift
Useless, and thence ridiculous, about him.
And, since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.
Chor. Thy hopes are not ill-founded, nor seem vain,
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon

Conceived, agreeable to a father's love;
In both which we, as next, participate.
Man. I know your friendly minds, and—Oh, what noise!
Mercy of Heaven! what hideous noise was that?
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.
Chor. Noise call you it, or universal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd?
Blood, death, and deathful deeds, are in that noise,
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.
Man. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise:
Oh! it continues; they have slain my son.
Chor. Thy son is rather slaying them: that outcry
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.
Man. Some dismal accident it needs must be;
What shall we do, stay here, or run and see?
Chor. Best keep together here, lest, running thither,
We unawares run into danger's mouth.
This evil on the Philistines is fall'n:
From whom could else a general cry be heard?
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here;
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if, his eye-sight (for to Israel's God
Nothing is hard) by miracle restored,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,

And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

Man. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?

Man. He can, I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

Chor. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An Ebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

Messenger. Oh, whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?
For dire imagination still pursues me.
But providence or instinct of nature seems,
Or reason, though disturb'd and scarce consulted,
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first, reverend Manoa, and to these
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horror,
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

Man. The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry; yet what it was we hear not:

No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

Mess. It would burst forth; but I recover breath,
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

Man. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Mess. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man. Sad! but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest
The desolation of a hostile city.

Mess. Feed on that first; there may in grief be surfeit.

Man. Relate by whom.

Mess. By Samson.

Man. That still lessens
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Mess. Ah! Manoa, I refrain, too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon;
Lest evil tidings, with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear, should pierce too deep.

Man. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

Mess. Then take the worst in brief: Samson is dead.

Man. The worst indeed! Oh, all my hope's defeated
To free him hence! but Death who sets all free
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.

What windy joy this day had I conceived,
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!
Yet, ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
How died he? death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell, thou say'st: by whom fell he?
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's
wound?

Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man. Wearied with slaughter then, or how?
explain.

Mess. By his own hands.

Man. Self-violence? What cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his foes?

Mess. Inevitable cause,
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;
The edifice, where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

Man. O lastly over-strong against thyself!
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this city;
And, as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,

The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
Through each high street. Little I had despatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth, to shew the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre,
Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad: before him pipes
And timbrels; on each side went armèd guards;
Both horse and foot before him and behind,
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts, and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He, patient but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place; and what was set before him,

SAMSON AGONISTES

He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder

Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd,
All with incredible, stupendious force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard),
As over-tired, to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massy pillar
That to the archèd roof gave main support.
He unsuspicious led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,
And eyes fast fix'd, he stood, as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved;
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud:
"Hitherto, Lords, what your commands imposed
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld;
Now, of my own accord, such other trial
I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold."
This utter'd, straining all his nerves, he bow'd;
As with the force of winds and waters pent
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,

Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immix'd, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only scaped, who stood without.

Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
The work for which thou wast foretold
To Israel, and now liest victorious
Among thy slain self-kill'd;
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
Of dire Necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes, in number more
Than all thy life had slain before.

Semichor. While their hearts were jocund and sublime,
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
And fat regorged of bulls and goats,
Chanting their idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread, who dwells
In Silo his bright sanctuary,
Among them he a spirit of phrenzy sent,
Who hurt their minds,
And urged them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer;
They, only set on sport and play,

Unweetingly importuned
Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men,
Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
And with blindness internal struck.

Semichor. But he, though blind of sight,
Despised, and thought extinguish'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue roused
From under ashes into sudden flame,
And as an evening dragon came,
Assailant on the perchèd roosts
And nests in order ranged
Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
So virtue, given for lost,
Depress'd and overthrown, as seemed,
Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods embost,
That no second knows nor third,
And lay erewhile a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
When most unactive deem'd;
And, though her body die, her fame survives,
A secular bird, ages of lives.

Man. Come, come; no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause: Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroicly hath finish'd
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully revenged; hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds; to Israel
Honour hath left and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal fame;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soak'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay),
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend,
With silent obsequy and funeral train,
Home to his father's house. There will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade

Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts enroll'd
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour and adventures high;
The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent.
His servants he, with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

NOTES

NOTES ON THE LIFE OF MILTON

1. Baptized the xx Dec., 1608, according to the Register of Allhallows, Bread Street. Named John, as his father and grandfather had been before him.

2. Defensio Secunda. His mother died on the 3d of April, 1637, as is recorded on her monument in Horton Church, Bucks. The house where Milton lived in that village was pulled down a few years since. In the garden of the present house is an old decayed apple-tree said to be of the Poet's planting.

3. "The house wherein he was born, and which strangers used to visit before the fire, was part of his estate as long as it stood." See Toland's Life, p. 46. On his mother's family, see Birch's Life of Milton, p. ii. The family of the Castons originally derived from Wales, as Philips tells us; but Wood asserts that she was of the ancient family of the Bradshaws, and a still later account informs us that she was a Haughton, of Haughton Tower, in Lancashire, as appeared by her own arms, &c. Both Toland and Philips date Milton's birth in 1606, but erroneously, for the inscription under his print in the Logic says that in 1671 he was sixty-three years of age. Milton's armorial bearings were argent, an eagle displayed with two heads gules, legged and beaked sable. A small silver seal, with these arms, with which he was accustomed to seal his letters, came into the hands of Mr. Thomas Payne, bookseller, on the death of Foster, the husband of Milton's granddaughter, which was sold to Mr. Thomas Hollis in 1761, who left his estate at the Hyde, near Ingatestone, in Essex, to Thomas Brand, Esq., who took the name of Hollis; the latter left the same property to the late Dr. Disney, who was the last possessor of the seal.

4. See Guillim's Heraldry, p. 210.

5. He died about 1647, and was buried in Cripplegate Church. See T. Warton's note on Carmen ad Patrem, ver. 66, p. 523, second edition. Aubrey says he read without spectacles at eighty-four.

6. There have been some doubts about the situation of the village of Milton. See Life by Newton, p. 1. See Todd's Life, p. 2, and the note. Wood's Fasti Oxon., vol. i. art. 262.

7. John and Christopher, sons of John Milton, of Holton, of Christ Church, Oxford, as 't is said, son of John Milton, of Holton, near to Forshill, ranger or subranger of Shotover; his ancestors lived at Milton, near to Holton. See Guillim's Heraldry.

8. On a work called "A Sixefold Politician, together with a Sixefold Precept of Policy, 1609," attributed to him (see Mr. J. P. Collier's Poetical Decameron, vol. ii. p. 305), Philips says: "I have been told, and I take it by our author himself, that his father composed an Il Domine of forty parts, for which he was rewarded with a gold medal and chain by a Polish prince, to whom he presented it; and that some of his songs are to be seen in old Whitby's Set of Airs, besides some compositions of his in Ravenscroft's Psalms," v. p. xli. Milton's Poetical Works, ed. Pickering, 1826. Some beautiful lines in Milton's poem Ad Patrem allude to his father's skill in music.

> "Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
> Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;
> Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus."

See Burney's Hist. of Music, vol. iii. p. 134. In a little book which I possess—the Psalms, by W. Slayter, 12mo, 1643—one of the tunes is by J. Milton. See also Todd's Milton, vol. i. p. 4 and vol. vi. p. 337; Aubrey Letters, vol. iii. p. 439; and Hunter on Shakespeare's Tempest, p. 56.

9. This picture was in the possession of T. Hollis, Esq., and is engraven by Cipriani, in 1760, for Hollis's Memoirs; it represents the youthful poet in a richly worked collar and striped jacket. It was purchased by Mr. Hollis for thirty-one guineas at C. Stanhope's sale, who had bought it for twenty guineas of the executors of Milton's widow. The picture of Milton, when about twenty, was in the possession of the Right Honourable Arthur Onslow.

10. In Mr. Fellowes's translation of Milton's Letters printed in Dr. Symmons's edition, 1806, why is the direction of Milton's

letters to Young translated to Thomas Jure? For an account of T. Young, see Todd's Milton, vol. vi. pp. 199, 207. Young returned to England in or before the year 1628; he was afterwards master of Jesus Coll. Camb. and Vicar of Stow Market, in Suffolk. Milton, in his Fourth Elegy, ver. 83, says to him:

"Te tamen intereà belli circumsonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo."

11. See an account of Al. Gill in Wood's Ath. Oxon., vol. ii. p. 22, and T. Warton's Milton, p. 419. He died Nov. 17, 1635, and is not to be confused with the son of the same name, who succeeded him in 1635, and was expelled in 1640, having for five years disgraced the school by his cruelty and crimes; he had been usher to his father. "He was," says Gifford, "a bad poet and a worse man." See B. Jonson's Works, vol. vi. p. 123, and D'Israeli's Comm. on Charles the First, vol. ii. p. 330. A. Wood says that A. Gill was fined 2000*l.* for drinking Felton's health. I possess a copy of Gill's Parerga, sive Poetici Conatus (12mo, 1632) that belonged to Is. Casaubon. A. Gill the younger must have been a decided royalist, for he has several poems addressed to the royal family and to the bishops. He has an epistle, as Milton has, to his father, p. 14. There is a line resembling one in Milton's verses to Christina ("Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli!"):

"Pene sub arctoi sidere regna poli!"

In Milton's Third Elegy, ver. 9, are these lines, which puzzled the commentators till Sir D. Dalrymple explained them to T. Warton:

"Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi,
Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis."

In his Tillii Epitaphium, p. 91, Gill mentions who these brothers in arms were:

"Quem nec Mansfeltus, quem nec Brunonius heros
Arma nec annorum quem domuere decem,"—

i. e. Mansfelt and the Duke of Brunswick. Gill speaks of himself in the preface: "Hactenus vitam egi nescio qua fiderum

inclementiâ, hominum et fortunæ injuriis perpetuo colluctantem."

12. That Milton read and borrowed from Sylvester in his early poems, no one who reads Mr. Dunster's book can reasonably doubt. Sylvester had the jewels, and Milton set them beautifully. See what Mr. Campbell says on Milton's obligations to Sylvester in his Specimens of the British Poets, vol. i. p. 182, &c. Du Bartas's fame is now in full blossom in Germany, and has received the praise of Goethe himself. He is considered at Dresden and at Weimar as one of the greatest poets that ever appeared, and so once he was esteemed in England. "Who is there," says Mr. Wordsworth, "that can now endure to read the Creation of Du Bartas? Yet all Europe once resounded with his praise; he was caressed by kings, and when his poems were translated into our language, the Fairy Queen faded before it."

13. Birch has given the dates of the appearance of Milton's earliest poems:
1623. Psalms.
1624. Latin Ode on the Death of the Vice-Chancellor of the University.
1627. The seventh of Latin Elegies.
1628. Printed his Philosophical Verses.
1629. On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.
1630. On Shakespeare.
The earliest printed writing of Milton, 1632, says Mr. Hunter, are the lines on Shakespeare. See Notes on Shakespeare, p. 336. On these lines see Hurd's Cowley, vol. i. p. 168: "Milton, in his younger days, fell into this delusion, affecting harsh numbers and uncouth expression (see his poem on Shakespeare); but the vigour of his genius, or perhaps his course of life, enabled him to break through the snare—exemplar vitiis imitabile."

14. Anthony Wood and Toland assert that he was sent to Cambridge in his fifteenth year, but erroneously. See Birch's Life, p. 3.

15. He was admitted Pensionarius minor, under Mr. William Chappell, afterwards provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and

Dean of Cashel, and at last Bishop of Cork and Ross, to whom, among others, the celebrated treatise of the Whole Duty of Man has been imputed. See Birch's Life, p. 111. Henry More calls Chappell a learned, vigilant, skilful, pious, and prudent tutor (see Biog. Britannica, note, Lightfoot). Milton took his first degree in January, 1628-9, and that of Master of Arts in 1632. See Symmons's Pref. to Life, pp. 5-7. He was transferred from Mr. Chappell (though contrary to the rules of the college) to Mr. Tovell (Tovey). See Aubrey Lett. iii. p. 445. He was admitted A.M. at Oxford in 1635 (see Wood's Fasti, i. p. 262).

16. The author of A Modest Confutation against a Slanderous and Scurrilous Libel first charged him with being vomited out of the university, after having spent there an inordinate and riotous youth; and the author of Regii Sanguinis Clamor repeated the calumny: "Aiunt hominem Cantabrigiensi academia ob flagitia pulsum, dedecus, et patriam fugisse et in Italiam commigrasse." "The former tract," Milton says in his Apology for Smectymnuus, "was reported to be written by the son of Bishop Hall."

17. See his tractate on Education, where he speaks against the preposterous exaction of composing "Themes and Orations, and the ill habit they got of wretched barbarizing against the Greek and Latin idioms; and then having really left grammatical flats and shallows, to be presented with the most intellectual abstractions of logic and metaphysics, to be tossed and turmoiled in the fathomless deeps of controversy, to be deluded with ragged notions and brabblements, to be dragged to an asinine feast of sowthistles and brambles." With these opinions, when called upon by the college for Latin themes on logical and metaphysical subjects (see his Prolusiones), cannot we easily conceive the rebellion or discontent, the outbreaks and flashes, of his fiery mind?

18. The following passage in Milton's Prolusiones has been overlooked, which throws some light on the subject of his discussion with the college, and his renewed union (v. p. 115). He disliked some parts of their studies, probably their logical and metaphysical theses (specimens of which may be seen in Cleaveland's Works, p. 132), and expressed his opinion too freely, or perhaps did not perform the tasks that were required.

I feel convinced that the whole ground of offence, so much disputed, is to be found in this point.

"Tum nec mediocriter me pellexit, et invitavit ad has partes subeundas vestra, vos qui ejusdem estis mecum Collegii, in me nuperrime comperta facilitas, cum enim ante præteritos menses aliquam multos oratorio apud vos munere perfuncturus essem, putaremque lucubrationes meas qualescunque etiam ingratas propemodum futuras, et mitiores habituras judices Æacum et Minoa, quam è vobis fere quemlibet, sane præter opinionem meam, præter meam si quid erat speculæ, non vulgari sicuti ego accepi, imo ipse sensi, omnium plausu exceptæ sunt, immo eorum qui in me alias propter studiorum dissidia essent prorsus infenso et inimico animo; generosum utique simultatis exercendæ genus, et regio pectore non indignum; siquidem cum ipsa amicitia plerumque multa inculpate facta detorquere soleat, tunc profecto acris et infesta inimicitia errata forsitan multa, et haud pauca sine dubio indiserte dicta, leniter et clementius quam meum erat meritum interpretari non gravabatur. Jam semel unico hoc exemplo vel ipsa demens ira mentis compos fuisse videbatur, et hoc facto furoris infamiam abluisse. At vero summopere oblector, et mirum in modum voluptate perfundor, cum videam tantâ doctissimorum hominum frequentiâ circumfusum me, et undique stipatum," &c. Consult also on this subject Glanville's Ne plus ultra, p. 119, and Aristotle, p. 78, and Epistolæ obscurorum virorum, p. 108, ed. 1757, and the scholastic studies then in vogue, and the subtleties of the dialectic art, Knox's Life by Macrie, p. 7. Even so late as the time of Swift, it is said in his Life that he passed his time in reading books of history and poetry, instead of Keckerman, and other old treatises on logic, a branch of learning then in high estimation, and held essentially necessary for taking a degree. See also Professor Powell's remarks on this subject in his Natural Philosophy (p. 108), on the strictures passed on the universities of Europe in early times, and which were not much better in later; but he adds, in regard to Oxford, the scholastic forms were in a great measure broken up under the reign of Cromwell, but the old system was reëstablished with the return of the Stuarts (p. 264).

It is curious that more than a century subsequent we find

another eminent scholar almost repeating the same complaints on the continued existence of the same system, keeping so far behind the advanced spirit of the age.

"Sir W. Jones's active imagination had anticipated the forms and regulations of the University rather incorrectly; and the facilities provided them for learning did not coincide with his first hasty expectations. He had calculated on a Sumner or an Askew in every Master of Arts, and on an order of literature in the students generally equal to his own. But his disappointment was not entirely owing to extravagant expectations. The Public Lectures were really below the standard of his attainments, and in fact were considered as merely formal. He complained that instead of having his understanding interested by a systematic exhibition of the principles of elegant arts and useful knowledge, he was compelled to hear dull comment on artificial Ethics and Logic, expressed in such barbarous Latin, that he professed to recognize in it no more meaning than in Arabic, of which he had but just touched the surface. The only logic then in fashion was that of the schools. An anecdote is preserved in one of Jones's Memorandums of a Fellow of a College who, while he assisted to read Locke with his pupils, carefully suppressed every passage in which that great metaphysician derides the scholastic logic." See Life prefixed to Poems, p. 27. On the subject, "That from the Universities and the Church in any country, no improvement in philosophy can be expected," see Hallam's Hist. of Literature, vol. iii. p. 138. In the Memoir of Barrow, prefixed to Hughes's edition, is a sketch of studies pursued at Cantab. from the twelfth to the seventeenth century. No alteration in the statutes as far as related to study was made after the time of Henry the Eighth or Edward the Sixth. See Ibid. vol. iv. p. 110.

19. See Coleridge's Literary Remains, vol. i. p. 168, Lecture x. "There are some persons," observes a divine, a contemporary of Milton, "of whom the grace of God takes early hold, and the good spirit inhabiting them carries them on in an even constancy through innocence into virtue, their Christianity bearing equal date with their manhood, and reason and religion,

like warp and woof, running together, make up one web of a wise and exemplary life," &c. This beautiful passage Mr. Coleridge justly applies to Milton.

20. It is curious to find, more than a century after, the sister University attacked for presenting these same dry bones of an exhausted logic to the students, in the place of wholesome nutriment; so slow do great bodies move in the march of improvement. See Amhurst's Terræ Filius, p. 5 *et passim.*

21. See Life of Dr. Joseph Beaumont (p. xi, 4to), the author of Psyche, &c. Cleaveland's Works, p. 132. See also Burigny's Vie d'Erasme, vol. i. p. 14, and the Preface to Du Cange's Glossarium, and the Dissertation prefixed to Rob. Stephens's Latin Thesaurus, for an account of the barbarous authors and method of education which then prevailed. Milton's own system of education bears great similarity to that of Erasmus, as given in his Tractatus de Educatione Puerorum, and might have been formed from it; and both are, under necessary modifications, the foundation of the present system, and the commencement of it in the schools of Europe.

22. "It were to be desired, that in our Universities, Aristotle's Analytics, Topics, Physicks and Metaphysics, be supprest, not only as vain, but disposing to Contention and Discord." See Roger Coke's Detection, p. 665. See also p. 22, which passages show the prevailing studies of the time.

23. See his Letter to a Friend in Birch's Life, p. vi, printed from Trinity MSS.

24. See Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy: Prose Works, vol. i. p. 150.

25. On his intention of going into the Law. See Hunter on Shakespeare, p. 337.

26. This house at Horton was pulled down about fourteen years ago. See Symmons's Life, p. 93, ed. 1810. Milton's father had some country-house besides this, nearer to London, of which we have had no notice. Milton's letter to A. Gill is dated "E nostro Suburbano," Dec. 4, 1634. And see his Elegy i. ver. 50:

"Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci;"

and in Prolusiones (p. 136) he says: "Testor ipse lucos, et flumina, et dilectas villarum ulmos, sub quibus æstate proxime præteritâ (si Dearum arcana eloqui liceat), summam cum Muses gratiam habuisse me jucundâ memoriâ recolo; ubi et ego inter rura et semotos saltus velut occulto ævo crescere mihi potuisse visus sum."

27. Dr. Ireland remarks "a similarity between the cadences, as well as in the measure and solemnity of thoughts, of the Penseroso, and the speech of Paulo in Massinger's Maid of Honor." See Gifford's ed., vol. iii. p. 107.

28. "Milton was a courtier when he wrote the Masque at Ludlow Castle, and still more a courtier when he wrote the Arcades." See C. Lamb's Elia, vol. ii. p. 138.

29. Milton was not the only great poet who has celebrated the Countess Dowager of Derby. She was also the patroness of Spenser. The Prayer Book of this Countess is the poetry of her times. See Brydges's Life of Milton, p. 62. For this celebrated Lady, says Mr. Gifford, also appears greatly to have delighted in that elegant and splendid exhibition. Milton wrote his Arcades, the songs of which are a mere cento from our author's Masques, of which, certainly, it is a very humble imitation. See Jonson's Works, vol. vii. p. 18. See also p. 78 and p. 89. "The Arcades, with the exception of three trifling songs, is made up of the speech of the genius" (in the Barriers). "Milton is indebted for something more than a hero (Favonius) to this beautiful speech" (in the Vision of Delight), p. 306.

30. "Milton seems to have been a solitary exception in the records of that day, of an eminent English scholar being imbued with a relish for Italian Letters." See Prescott's Miscellanies, p. 532. But see Mr. Gifford's Note in his edition of B. Jonson, vol. vi. p. 491. "The Italian writers, of whom he (Milton) probably knew nothing at the time, he is suspected of copying them from line to line, and from word to word."

31. The original manuscript of Comus is in Trin. Coll. Library;

it was found among other papers that once belonged to Sir Henry Newton Puckering, a benefactor to the library, and was printed at London in 1637, 4to. Oldys says it was often bound up with the first edition of Randolph's Poems. Warton says: "It was with great difficulty and reluctance that Milton first appeared as an author." Some account of Sir N. Puckering may be read in Warton's Milton, p. 578, and the original various readings to the Lycidas, Comus, and smaller poems from the Manuscript, pp. 578-590. On a few variations not noticed by Warton, see Class. Journal, no. xxiii. p. 211. There is one rather curious:

> "While all the starry rounds, and arches blue
> Resound, and echo Hallelu!"

A manuscript copy of Comus is also in the Bridgewater library, at Ashridge (see Todd's Comus, p. 165), before it was corrected.

32. Milton lost the friendship of the Bridgewater family by his Defensio. In a copy of it in Lord Stafford's library, the Earl (who performed the part of the first brother) wrote: "Liber igne, autor furcâ dignissimi." On this account Lawes's dedication is supposed to have been withdrawn from the subsequent editions. See Todd's Comus, p. 2.

33. "We are reminded of the brotherly love between Milton and H. Lawes, so celebrated in the beautiful Lycidas." See Mr. Ward's De Clifford, vol. i. p. 17.

34. See. G. Peele's Works by the Rev. A. Dyce, vol. i. p. 204, ed. 1829. Is. Reed first directed attention to this play, then almost unknown. For extracts from Puteanus, see Todd's edition of Comus, pp. 57, 62. The Comus of Puteanus was republished at Oxford in 1634, the year in which Milton's Comus was written. There is a curious reading in the first edition of Comus not noticed by the commentators. Line 214 stands thus in the common editions:

> "Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings."

In the first edition "Thou flitting angel," &c.

35. It is to the credit of Milton's taste that he has borrowed largely from this entertainment (The Pirates). His obligations to Jonson

are indeed incessant. See Gifford's Jonson, vol. vi. p. 491. "The commentators on Milton, after spending twenty or thirty pages in conjectures on the origin of Milton's Comus, without the slightest reference to Jonson, condescend, in the course of their subsequent annotations, to observe that Jonson's Masque of Pleasure might perhaps afford some hint to Milton. Perhaps it might, and so I suspect might some others." Ibid. vol. vii. p. 314.

36. On the system of "orthography" adopted by Milton in this and his other poems, consult Capel Lofft's Preface to Par. Lost, 4to, 1792, and Todd's Preface to Comus, p. viii, and Richardson's Life, p. cxxx.

37. "Musical Echoes prevailed upon the Italian stage at this period; this was probably not unknown to Milton, although he had not then visited Italy; and hence it may be presumed, the Song of Sweet Echo in Comus." See Walker's Memoir of Tassoni, p. 229.

38. It has been asked where an illustration must be sought for the expression (ver. 250)—

> "At every fall smoothing the raven down
> Of darkness till it smiled;"

and the entire silence of the commentators has been remarked. I shall therefore point out the following passage in Heywood's Love's Mistresse, Act III. sc. i. But this play of Heywood's was printed subsequently to Comus.

> "Psyche
> "Time's eldest daughter, Night, mother of Ease,
> Thou gentle nurse, that with sweet lullabies
> Care-waking hearts to gentle slumber charm'st!
> Thou smooth cheek'd negro, Night, the black eyed Queen,
> That rid'st about the world on the soft backs
> Of downy Ravens sleeke and sable plumes,
> And from thy chariot silent darknesse flings,
> In which, man, beast and bird enveloped,
> Takes their repose and rest."

39. Edward King, of Christ's Coll. Camb., son of Sir John King,

Secretary for Ireland in the time of Elizabeth, James, and Charles. He was drowned on the passage from Chester to Ireland. See Birch's Life, p. xvi, for an account of the collection in which Milton's Poems were published. The names of T. Farnaby, H. More, J. Beaumont, Cleaveland, W. Hall, and J. Pearson are in the list of contributors. The shipwreck of Mr. King took place on the 10th of Aug., 1637; it appears that he might have escaped with some others in the boat. For an account of his poetry, see Warton's Milton, p. 39, second edition.

40. See Class. Journal, no. lxiii. p. 356, by G. N. Ogle. Translated into English verse in the edition of Castiglione by Boyer, 4to, 1727.

41. There is among Spenser's Poems a Pastoral Æglogue on Sir P. Sydney's death, by L. B., which Milton had read when he wrote Lycidas. See Todd's Spenser, vol. viii. p. 76. Mr. Herbert remarks: "Many blank lines occur in his Works (Guidi), as in the Lycidas of Milton." See Mr. W. Herbert's Works, vol. ii. p. 10. "The Lycidas and Samson Agonistes of Milton has rhyme in a scattered irregular manner, which is a very pleasing structure for a poem of length; it gives a connection of parts, with the context artificial return of the stanza or couplet." See Jackson's Four Ages, p. 312.

42. Mr. Peck thinks that the manner in which Milton has dispersed his rhymes in Lycidas is an attempt, though secretly, to give a poetical image or draught of the mathematical canon of music. He informs us how to make this out, "by drawing a bowline from rhyme to rhyme." He considers the whole poem as a lesson of music consisting of such a number of bars. The rhymes are the several chords in the bar; the odd dispersion of the rhymes may be compared to the beautiful way of sprinkling the keys of an organ. He says Dryden imagined the rhymes fell so because Mr. Milton could not help it. I think they lie so because Mr. Milton designed it. See New Memoirs, 4to, p. 32. Mr. Peck has favoured us with stage directions for Paradise Lost, as: Enter Adam, with his arms across. Adam pauses. Thunder and lightning. Eve approaches him. Adam kicks at her. Eve embraces his legs. Eve is ready to faint, &c. He con-

siders Paradise Lost as partly formed out of Gusman d'Alfarache, the Spanish Rogue. He says Mr. Fenton was a good judge when he took time to consider things (p. 83); he has composed an epitaph for Mr. Milton out of Val. Maximus (p. 101). He says: "His tip, and whiskers (an essay towards a beard), were of a thick, lightish colour" (p. 103); that his eyes were black at twenty-six, but blue at fifty. He is satisfied that Milton could take an organ to pieces and clean it, and put it together without help (p. 111); this he deduces from Par. Lost, 1. 709; he thinks "ducks and nods" in Comus a sneer at the country people. He mentions Eve's instituting a religious order of young women, who were to continue virgins (p. 196); he speaks of Milton's great intimacy with Mrs. Thomson (p. 274). He considers King Charles the First a very proper person for Milton to present a poem to, by order of the House of Commons (p. 284). The biography of Milton reads very differently through the medium of the laborious Mr. Todd and the lepid Mr. Peck.

43. In the time of Milton's youth, the fashionable places of walking in London were Hyde Park and Gray's Inn Walks. See Warton's Quotations from Sir A. Cockaine's Poems, p. 470. In his Prolusiones (p. 113) he mentions the pleasures of London: "Cum ex eâ Urbe quæ caput urbium est, huc nuper me reciperem, Academici, deliciarum omnium, quibus is locus supra modum affluit, usque ad saginam, prope dixerim, satur, sperabam mihi iterum aliquando otium illud Literarium, quo ego vitæ genere etiam cœlestes animas gaudere opinor; eratque penitus in animo jam tandem abdere me in Literas, et jucundissimæ Philosophiæ perdius et pernox assidere, ita semper assolet Laboris et Voluptatis vicissitudo amovere satietatis tædium," &c.

44. Mr. Godwin says: "There is great confusion among all the biographers of Milton respecting the period of his travels, and this confusion originates with Milton himself." See his Life by Philips, p. 357.

45. See Wotton's Remains, p. 342.

46. "Boccha chiusa, occhi aperti," — the wisest of men says, &c. See J. Hall's Essays, p. 93, 12mo, 1646.

47. SONNET

Rise, Genoa, rise in beauty from the sea,
Old Doria's blood is flowing in thy veins!
Rise, peerless in thy beauty! what remains
Of thy old glory is enough for me.
Flow then, ye emerald waters, bright and free!
And breathe, ye orange groves, along her plains;
Ye fountains, sparkle through her marble fanes:
And hang aloft, thou rich and purple sky,
Hang up thy gorgeous canopy: thou Sun!
Shine on her marble palaces that gleam
Like silver in thy never-dying beam:
Think of the years of glory she has won;
She must not sink before her race is run,
Nor her long age of conquest seem a dream.

Genoa, April, 1622. J. M.

48. See his verses to his friend, Giov. Salsilli, ver. 9:

"Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Mîlto,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ,
Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis."

See also his Epit. Damonis, ver. 136:

"Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis et Francinus; erant et vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo."

49. On Carlo Dati, see Walker's Memoirs of Italian Tragedy, p. 200, 4to. Fabroni has written the life of C. Dati in the xvi. vol. of Vitæ Italorum (pp. 15-36), where he mentions, among others, Milton's testimony to Dati's character.

50. The full title of this work is, "La Tina, Equivoci Rusticali, di Antonio Malatesti, cõposti nella sua Villa di Triano, il Settembre dell' anno 1637. Sonnetti Cinquanta, dedicati all' Ill^{o} Signore e Padrone oss^{mo} il Signore Giovanni Milton nobil' Inghilese." This manuscript was discovered by Mr. Brand on a

book-stall. It was sent as a present to the Academia della Crusca, but came back to England, and was sold by Evans the auctioneer, in Pall Mall. See Todd's Life, p. 34. Mr. Hollis searched unsuccessfully the Laurentian Library for six Italian sonnets of Milton, addressed to his friend Clementillo, for other Italian and Latin compositions, and for his marble bust, said to be at Florence. See Warton's Milton, p. 333; Hollis's Memoirs, pp. 167, 491.

51. See Walker's Memoir of Tassoni, p. 238. After quoting a letter from Galileo to his friend Vicenzo Renieri, he says: "I shall offer no apology for the length of this interesting epistle, as it seems to settle a long-disputed point in regard to the imprisonment of Galileo. It shews that he was only confined under an arrest, beneath the hospitable roofs of his friends in Florence, Rome, and Sienna; but never thrown into any of the prisons belonging to the Inquisition. Yet it has been thought that he was pining in the damp and gloom of a dungeon when Milton visited him in 1639, and Voltaire asserts that he was *mis en prison*. It is probable that Milton found him in his villa at Arcetri; he was then thin and borne down, as Grotius describes him, with age, persecutions, and infirmities, but he was perfectly free from all personal restrictions." See Prof. Powell on Natural Philosophy, p. 176: "He was not consigned to a dungeon, but lodged in the apartments of some of its officers."

52. "Cardinal Barberini;" but see Walker's Memoir of Italian Tragedy, p. 144. Barberini was elected Pope in 1623. "The cardinal to whom Milton was introduced was probably Francisco Barberini, one of the nephews of Urban, who was not only a lover of music, but like his uncle, an admirer and patron of literary merit, and therefore likely to feel the attractions of such talents as Milton was endowed with. As Doni, Testi, and Bracciolini were retainers of the Barberini family, when Milton was at Rome, they were probably personally known to him. Had he therefore kept a detailed account of his travels, it might be expected to throw much light on a brilliant period in the literary history of modern Italy."

53. It was at the concerts of Barberini that Milton heard Leonora Baroni sing, who with her mother, Adriana of Mantua, was es-

teemed the first singer in the world. Milton has celebrated her in three Latin epigrams. It was the fashion for all ingenious strangers who visited Rome to leave some verses in her praise. Pietro della Valle, who wrote in 1640 on the Muses of his Time, speaks of the fanciful and masterly style in which Leonora touched the Arch lute to her own accompaniments (see Warton's Milton, p. 479).

54. Malone thinks that Dryden's lines under Milton's picture were an enlargement of Selvaggi's distich. See Scott's Dryden, vol. xi. p. 160.

55. Tasso mentions Manso in the twentieth book of his Gierusal. Liberata, among other princes of Italy:

"Fra Cavalieri Magnanimi e cortese
Resplende il Manso."

He addressed to him five sonnets. Manso was also the patron of Marino, and was the biographer of both these illustrious poets. Mr. Walker, when at Naples, endeavoured to discover the villa where Manso received the visits of Milton and Tasso. See Hist. Mem. 1799, App. pp. xxvi, xxxi.

56. "Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni."
Miltoni Sylv. *Quint. Nov.* ver. 94

57. See Second Defence of the People, p. 384, ed. Burnet.

58. In the Horæ Subsecivæ, 1620, of Lord Chandos (or of the Earl of Devonshire's eldest son), remarks are made on this subject (p. 206), on a Discourse of Rome: "I do not thinke it unnecessary to say something of the safety and danger for an Englishman to travell thither. . . . It is true that for some Persons there can be no place in the world so dangerous for them to come in as this; and they are such, as have been noted either to have been Persecutors of them, violently addicted against them, or such as have opposed them by public disputation, or writing in manner of controversie; for that it is certain, if they be found, they shall be either brought into the Inquisition or forced to be

reconciled to their Church; and yet I do not think it is impossible for any of this sort to make a voyage thither, and never be surprised. But then they must neither publish their purpose nor time," &c. "If a man in his going thither, converse with Italians and discuss or dispute his religion, he is sure, unless he fly, to be complained on, and brought within the Inquisition," &c.

59. As regards Milton's attention to painting, Mr. Walker says: "Several of the immortal works of Guido, Raffaelle, and M. Angelo, may be traced in the Paradise Lost, and he instances 708-719 of the third book, taken from Raffaelle in the Vatican, called La Biblia de Raffaelle." See Mem. of Italian Tragedy, p. 166. But Mr. Coleridge says, on the other hand: "It is very remarkable, that in no part of his writings does Milton take any notice of the great painters of Italy, nor indeed of painting as an art, while every other page breathes his love and taste for music. Yet in one passage in Paradise Lost he has certainly copied the fresco of the Creation in the Sistine Chapel at Rome." See Par. Lost, vii. 263. See Table Talk, vol. ii. p. 83.

60. See some account of this Giov. Deodati, of his preaching at Venice in a trooper's dress, and converting a Venetian courtesan, in Warton's Milton, p. 548. He was uncle of "Charles," mentioned below.

61. C. Deodati was a native of England, but of an Italian family, which came originally from Lucca, but in its last generation established at Geneva. His father, Theodore, came early in life to England, married a lady of family and fortune, and practised as a physician. The son was bred to the same profession, and settled in Cheshire. See some further account in Todd's Milton, vol. vi. pp. 173, 360. The two Greek letters of Deodati, possessed by Toland, are now in the British Museum (MS. Add. No. 5017. f. 71).

62. See Ep. Damonis, ver. 12.

63. See ver. 161-167.

64. As regards the imitation of pastoral life, numerous are the high authorities that Milton could give, as Buchanani Sylvæ,

Desid. Tortæi, Desid. Lutitiæ, Danheusii Thyrsis, Bucolica in Obitum Scaligeri Thuani, &c.

65. "Methinks," said Sancho, "the thoughts that give way to verses are not very troublesome. Therefore versify as much as you list, and I 'll sleep as much as I can." Don Quixote, vol. iv. p. 212 (Shelton's transl.).

66. See Todd's Life (first edition), p. 39; Gent. Mag. July, Sept., Oct., 1792, Feb., 1790, March, 1803, p. 190; and Hawkins's Note in Newton's Life, p. ciii.

67. In this Bible are two little drawings of a profile, with Milton's name annexed, and one of them inscribed, "Myself, 1640."

68. Their mother had married again, therefore Milton might feel it his duty to take these boys under his care. They lived with him about five or six years. Mr. Godwin thinks John Philips's Scarronides (1664) was written in an excessive spirit of spite and malignity against Milton (see Life of Philips, p. 148). As long as he lived he never relaxed in his unnatural animosity against his uncle (p. 157). Mr. Godwin calls him a shameless, unfeeling buffoon (p. 161). Milton made his nephews songsters, and sing from the time they were with him. See Aubrey Lett. iii. 446. In John Philips's Don Quixote (p. 361), there is this passage, not previously noticed: "As for the modern Poets he allows very few of them to be worth a straw; among the rest he has a particular peek against Du Bartas and Paradise Lost, which he says has neither rhyme nor reason," &c.

69. Philips says: "He made no long stay in his lodgings in St. Bride's Churchyard, necessity of having a place to dispose his books in, and other goods fit for the furnishing of a good handsome house, hastening him to take one; and accordingly a pretty garden-house he took in Aldersgate-St. at the end of an entry, and therefore the fitter for his turn, by the reason of the privacy, besides that there were few streets in London more free from noise than that." See p. lii. Al. Gill, his old tutor, being driven from St. Paul's, set up a private school in the same street. Wood's Ath. Ox. ii. 22.

70. Johnson's Life of Milton is written with his usual vigour of thought and clearness of expression; it abounds with many just and striking observations; but it is deeply coloured with prejudice, and the reasoning is sometimes sophistical and incorrect. I am supported in this opinion by Mr. Hawkins; see Pref. to Newton's Milton, p. 25, ed. 1824. Yet I do not approve of the spirit or manner of Archd. Blackburne's observations.

71. For the Greek and Latin writers read and admired by Milton, see Birch's Life of Milton, p. xxiii.

72. Ames's Medulla was a book much read, as was also Tileni Syntagma. See Life of Dr. Harris in S. Clarke's Lives, p. 314, 1662, 4to.

73. Dr. Symmons considers Milton as the leader of the attack against the prelates; his tutor Young had been one of the victims of the primate's intolerance; and Milton entered in his career, with the blended feeling of private and public wrong (see Life, p. 226). The fact was, the Puritans were probably not equal to such men as Usher, Hall, Bramhall, and others of the established religion in theological learning and knowledge of ecclesiastical history, as may be seen by reading the controversy; and they were glad even of Milton's eloquence, for that was all he brought them, and all the young scholar could be expected to bring. "Nec adhuc maturus Achilles."

74. Dr. Johnson (says Mr. Gifford, quoting a passage in the Treatise on Reformation against the Bishops) uses the language of forbearance when, rising from the perusal of this fiend-like cursing, he merely observed: "Such was Milton's controversial malignity, that hell grew blacker at his frown." See B. Jonson's Works, vol. vi. p. 260.

75. Stephen Marshall, Edward Calamy, Thomas Young, Mathew Newcomen, and William Spurstow. In the Church Register of Great Hampden, Bucks, is the following entry: Wm. Spurstow succeeded to the Rectory of Great Hampden in 1637. He was one of those heroes who wrote against the Church Establishment. They were five in number, viz., Stephen Marshal, Edward Calamy, Thos. Young, Matthew Newcome, and the

above-mentioned Wm. Spurstow. The initial letters of their names formed the cant word Smectymnus (uus), as celebrated by Hudibras. This worthy continued till 1642, when, according to the phraseology of the times, "God gave him a call to a far greater living." This entry was obligingly furnished to the writer by the Rector of the Parish, Rev. Charles Lloyd. See on this subject Bowles's Life of Bishop Ken, vol. i. pp. 62-66.

76. Usher, Gataker, and Reynolds were the three Protestant divines in England who had the greatest reputation on the Continent for their learning (see Calomies' Mel. Curieux, p. 834). Their three rivals abroad, among the Protestants, for erudition, were Blondel, Petitus, and Bochart.

77. See Symmons's Life, p. 234.

78. See Hall's Works, ed. Pratt. vol. ix. p. 641.

79. Toland says of his Reason for Church Government: "The eloquence is masculine, the method is natural, the sentiments are free, and the whole (God knows) appears to have a very different force from what the nonconformist divines wrote in those days, or since that time, on the same subject." See Life, p. 12.

80. See Symmons's Life of Milton, p. 240.

81. "It will be matter of hearty regret to the republic of letters, that the greatest of these, I mean John Milton, had the misfortune to be born in an age when the study of scholastic theology was deemed an essential part of intellectual discipline." Beattie's Essays, 4to, p. 261.

82. "Our historian had said just before that there were few among the Puritan Divines of sound education. He had better have stuck to his word: 'To make amends for want of acquired knowledge, they abounded in inspired.'" See Warburton's Works, vol. xii. p. 398.

83. Till the taking of Reading, in April, 1643, by the Earl of Essex, he had lived there, in the house of his son Christopher.

84. See Memoranda relating to the family of Powell, of Forest

Hill, in Sir Eg. Brydges's Life of Milton (p. 279, appendix), who has corrected some great mistakes made by Mr. Todd, in his account of the Powell family, from the representations of Mr. Holbrooke.

85. Toland gives four conjectures on this subject: 1. Whether it was that this young woman, accustomed to a large and jovial family, could not live in a philosophical retirement. 2. Or that she was not satisfied with the person of her husband. 3. Or, lastly, that because her relations were all addicted to the Royal interest, his democratical principles were disagreeable to her humour. 4. Nor is it impossible that the father repented of this match, upon the prospect of some success on the King's side, who then had his headquarters at Oxford. See Life, p. 52. Newton has followed Toland (see Life, p. xxvii).

86. T. Warren had a MS. inventory of Mr. Powell's goods; and he says, "by the number, order, and furniture of the rooms, he appears to have lived as a country gentleman, in a very extensive and liberal style of housekeeping." See Todd's Life, p. 170.

87. In a letter of Marvell to his constituents at Hull, he says: "There is yet brought in an act, in which of all others your Corporation is the least concerned—that is, when wives shall refuse to cohabit with their husbands, that in such case the husband shall not be obliged to pay any debts she shall run into, for clothing, diet, lodging, or other expenses. This shows," says the editor of it, "how much the bonds of domestic duty were relaxed by civil anarchy. It is highly probable that separation of the nature alluded to, frequently arose from religious and political dissensions between husband and wife. The revolt of Milton's first consort is a well known but not a solitary instance." See Coleridge's Biog. Borealis, p. 13. We may give in this place Hacket's remarkable diatribe against Milton: "What a venomous spirit is in that serpent Milton; that black-mouthed Zoilus, that blows his viper's breath upon those immortal Devotions from beginning to the end. This is he that wrote with all irreverence against the Fathers of our Church, and showed as little duty to his father who begat him. The same that wrote for the Pharisees, that it was lawful for a man to put away his

wife for every cause, and against Christ for not allowing divorces. The same, O horrid! that defended the lawfulness of the greatest crime that ever was committed, to put our thrice-excellent King to death; a petty schoolboy scribbler that durst grapple in such a cause with the Prince of the learned men of his age, Salmasius, φιλοσοφίας πάσης, ἀφροδίτη καὶ λύρα, as Eurapius says of Ammonius, Plutarch's scholar in Egypt, the delight, the musick of all knowledge, who would have scorned to drop a penful of ink against so base an adversary, but to maintain the honour of so good a King. Get thee behind me, Milton! Thou savourest not the things that be of truth and loyalty, but of pride, bitterness, and falsehood. There will be a time, though such a Shimei, a dead dog, in Abishai's phrase, escape for a while. It is no marvel that this canker-worm Milton is more lavish in his writings than any man to justify the beheading of Strafford," &c. See Life of Archb. Williams, ii. p. 161.

88. See Newton's Life of Milton, p. xxix.

89. Of Mr. Caryll, Toland says (p. 60): "In his voluminous and senseless commentaries, he did more injury to the memory of Job than the Devil and the Sabeans could inflict torments on him in his lifetime."

90. Dr. John Echard, in the Preface to his work (p. 11) says: "I am not, I will assure you, any of those occasional writers, that missing preferment in the University, can presently write you the new way of education, or being a little tormented with an ill-chosen wife, put forth the doctrine of Divorce to be truly evangelical," &c.—alluding to two of Milton's writings. See also Fell's Life of Hammond, p. 200, Oxf. ed., on the Love of Novelty, in defending Polygamy, Divorce, &c.

91. No doubt some cause of disagreement between the Poet and his bride may have existed in the incompatibility of their political creed. Such subjects were better avoided in the domestic *tête-à-tête* at that momentous time, and could hardly be canvassed without offence to either party. Such is, I presume, the allusion in his poem:

. . . "Or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversarie, his hate or shame."

Par. Lost, x. 904

Yet Mr. Coleridge truly observes that "Milton's soul was susceptible of domestic enjoyments, notwithstanding the discomforts that actually resulted from an apparently unhappy marriage."

92. See P. Knight's Civil Society, p. 55. "Let me not be supposed to mean a condemnation of marriage, from which I have derived all the blessings and benefits of civil society, but merely of its indissolubility. There are many causes which ought to justify divorce, as well as that of adultery on the part of the woman, and I think it probable, that if other causes were admitted, this would be less frequent. Divorce is, I believe, as often the object, as the consequence of adultery."

93. The reader by reference on this subject to Sir J. Mackintosh's History of England, vol. ii. p. 275; Hallam's Constitutional History, vol. i. p. 140; to Warburton's Works, vol. x. p. 88, on Divorce for Temper; to Gibbon's Roman History, vol. iv. p. 378, 4to; to Harington's Oceana, p. 337, 4to; to a Note on Divorce in Erasmus's Note on the N. T. See Jortin's Life of Erasmus, t. ii. p. 214, and C. Middleton's Life of Cicero, t. ii. p. 171. See also Analys. de Bayle, vol. v. p. 217, on Bossuet's Opinion of Divorce and Want of Temper. See the Opinions of Erasmus on Divorce, and in controversy with the Dominican Hovestrate, in Burigny's Vie d'Erasme, vol. ii. p. 521. He considers that the Fathers of the Church, Ambrose, Tertullian, and Origen, are with him, and his opinions are expressed with his usual moderation and good sense.

94. See Gibbon's Roman History, vol. iv. p. 378, 4to.

95. A passage in the Electra of Sophocles, by C. W. (at The Hague, 1649, 8vo), proves that Milton's doctrine on divorce was not unnoticed.

"While like the froward Miltonist
We our nuptiall knot untwist."

See also a passage in Echard, quoted by Todd, p. 56, and in Britain's Triumph, p. 15, by G. S. What, Milton! are you come to see the sight? See Todd's Life, p. 54. And see also his eleventh and twelfth Sonnets, in themselves a sufficient proof of the detraction and ridicule attending his doctrine.

96. See also Fell's Life of Hammond, p. 200.

97. Consult Bishop Burnet's Observations in his Life of the Earl of Rochester, in Dr. Wordsworth's Christ. Institutes, vol. iv. p. 624, or the Index to that work under the head Divorce.

98. During the desertion of his wife, Milton frequented the society of the Lady Margaret Leigh, a person of distinction and accomplishment. To Lady Ranelagh, the favourite sister of the illustrious Boyle, in his later years he was gratefully attached. He says of her to her son, who had been his pupil, "Nam et mihi omnium necessitudinum loco fuit." The reader will be referred with pleasure, on the mention of this illustrious lady, to Mr. Crossley's learned and interesting Diary of Dr. Worthington, p. 124, &c. (see Index).

99. The family of the Powells continued to reside in Milton's house till after the death of his father in 1647. See Todd's Life, p. 88.

100. See the transcript of the original documents of Mr. Powell's compounding in Todd's Life (second edition), pp. 69, 70; and Milton's Petition, p. 81.

101. This passage may throw some additional light on the subject of the desertion of Milton by his wife. Aubrey says she was a zealous royalist, and went without her husband's consent to her mother in the king's quarters. (Letter iii. p. 441.) The truth, then, as far as we can command it, seems to be, that she found her bridal home cheerless and dull, her husband's temper unsuitable to hers, and his opinions different; that disagreements arose and discontent on either side; and when the king and his army and court arrived in the neighbourhood of her father's house, she gladly availed herself of the opportunity of joining them, with her family. Their support secured her against the power of enforcing her return; and had the king's party been

victorious, she probably would never have returned, nor acknowledged her marriage. The battle of Naseby and the beauty of Miss Davis brought her to her senses. One of Milton's antagonists (G. S., 1660) accuses him: "You throw aside your wife, because your waspish spirit could not agree with her qualities, and your crooked phantasy could not be brought to take delight in her."

102. See Todd's Life, p. 90 (second edition).

103. Sextus the Fourth, who died in 1484, was the first who placed the press under the control of a licenser. In 1649 Gilbert Mabbot resigned the office of licenser, and urged the reasoning of Milton's work as his defence. See Birch's Life, p. xxix, and Hollis's Memoirs, p. 257, who calls him S. Mabbot, or rather Mabbold, for so he is called in Whitelock's Index.

104. See Hurd's Cowley, vol. i. p. 49. "Ingenious men," says the editor, "delight in dreams of reformation. In comparing this Proposition of Cowley with that of Milton, addressed to Mr. Hartlib, we find that those great Poets had amused themselves with some exalted and in the main congenial fancies on the subject of Education; that of the two plans proposed, that of Mr. Cowley was better digested, and is the less painful, if a preference in this respect can be given to either, when both are manifestly Utopian; and that our Universities in their present form, are well enough calculated to answer all reasonable ends of such institutions, provided we allow for the considerable defects of them, when drawn out into practice."

105. "The Liberty of the Press and the Trial by Jury are the great securities for all our other liberties" (Sir J. Mackintosh's Speech at Bristol, 1822). "The press and its enemy," says Burke, "are nearly coeval." See Works, vol. x. p. 115. "We read the noble apology of Milton for the Liberty of the Press with admiration, but it had but little influence on the Parliament to whom it was addressed." Hallam's Const. History, iii. p. 4. "It should be further remarked, that in the days of their supremacy, the Presbyterians resisted even the eloquence of Milton when it pleaded for the freedom of unlicensed Printing." Lebas's Life of Laud, p. 249.

106. The moderation and justice of Toland's sentiments on this subject may excite surprise (v. p. 79). "The wishes of all good men are, that the national church, being secur'd in her worship and emoluments, may not be allowed to force others to her communion; and that all dissenters from it, being secur'd in their liberty of conscience, may not be permitted to meddle with the riches or power of the national church." May a sentiment so philosophically just prove historically true!

107. See Sir Thomas Bernard's Comforts of Old Age, p. 106. See also John Hales's Sermon, Peace of the Church: Works, vol. iii. p. 11.

108. Mr. Peck's manner of giving the titles of these poems is ludicrously quaint. He calls them "His Homo L'Allegro, or The Lætans; and His Homo Il Penseroso, or The Cogitans." See New Memoirs, p. 26. Comus had been printed in 1637, and Lycidas in 1638. Before Cartwright's poems, 1651, is a copy of verses by J. Leigh, enumerating the various poets whose works had been published by Moseley, but omitting the name of Milton.

109. "This is Mab, the Mistress Fairy." On this line of Jonson, Gifford says: "This Faery Mythology which has been copied by Milton, and which has sufficient beauty to make it familiar to every reader of Poetry, is quoted by Mr. Brand from a scarce book in his possession. This is also the case with many other passages in Jonson, which are given with all due mystery at the hundredth hand from some rare treatise in the author's collection." See Works, vol. vi. p. 471.

110. Salmasius considered this print as presenting not an unfavourable portrait of Milton. The pastoral view in the background is worthy of Ostade; but "neat-handed Phillis" is, methinks, a little too free. She should have recollected that in a dance "Junctæque nymphis Gratiæ decentes."

111. This tract first published February, 1648-9; republished with additions in 1650.

112. See Swift's Miscellanies, vol. ix. p. 95: The Presbyterians' Plea. See also Hall's Downfall of Maygames, 4to, p. 39. "Who were they who petitioned in print for the Life of the King?

Were they not the Presbyterian Ministers in London, one of them losing his head not long after on a Royal account," &c.

113. See the original orders of council appointing a committee to invite him to accept the office, first printed in Todd's Life (second ed.), p. 107. He succeeded in this office Mr. Weckherleyn, whose only daughter was mother of Sir W. Trumball, the friend of Pope.

114. See Mackintosh's Life of Sir T. More, p. 25, for observations on this subject. "Erasmus, who is the master and model of this system of composition, admirably shews how much he has gained by loosing the fetters of a dead speech, and acquiring in its stead the nature, cause, variety, and vivacity of a spoken and living tongue," &c. See also Schlegel's History of Literature, vol. i. p. 277. There was something beyond measure barbarous and ruinous in the custom of trusting all matters connected with science, learning, legislative and state policy to a dead and foreign language, &c. (vol. ii. 57). "The use of a foreign dialect in diplomacy can never fail to produce injurious effects upon the vernacular idiom," &c. See also Voltaire's Mélanges Littéraires, vol. i. p. 30, on writing *dans une langue morte*, and D'Alembert's Mélanges de Littérature, t. 5, p. 545. See some curious instances of the impossibility of using the meaning of modern terms in Latin, in Leibnitz's Miscellanies, p. 153.

115. Milton's answer was printed in London in 1649, 4to; again in 1650. Of the Icon Basilike, forty-seven editions were circulated in England alone, and 48,500 copies sold. Toland says Milton was rewarded by the Parliament for his performance with the present of a thousand pounds. See Life, p. 32. The real fact is not ascertained.

116. See Newton's Life of Milton, p. xxxviii.

117. The books which Charles delighted to read, and which show his knowledge and taste, are given in Sir Thomas Herbert's Memoirs, p. 61,—viz. Bp. Andrews's Sermons, Hooker's Eccl. Polity, Hammond's Works, Sandys's Psalms, Herbert's Poems, Fairfax's Tasso, Harington's Ariosto, Spenser's Fairy Queen,

&c. The prayer from the Arcadia is a mere transcript, with the necessary alteration of a few words.

118. "Un Anglais nommé Jean Milton a répondu à M. de Saumaise, pro Populo Anglicano; je pense que M. de Saumaise lui répondra." L'Esprit de Guy Patin, p. 171. Reimar (in the Catalog. Biblioth. suæ, vol. iii. p. 593) gives high praise to an article by Boecler in his Museum 1672 de Miltono (pp. 34-41), de Salmasio (pp. 41-48), as written with a beauty of style, acuteness of perception, and weight of reasoning that would have done honour to Tacitus. On Salmasius' arguments see Perizonii Disputationes, pp. 643-648. A German writer of a Life of Salmasius acknowledges that Milton had the better in the conflict in these words,—Hans, Jack, von, Milton,—not to be compared in learning and genius with the incomparable Salmasius, yet a shrewd and cunning lawyer, &c.

119. Wood asserts that Salmasius' had no reward for his book. He says: "The king sent Dr. Morley, then at Leyden, to the apologist with his thanks, but not with a purse of gold, as John Milton the impudent liar reported." Wood's Ath. Ox. ii. p. 770. See also Salmon's Lives of the English Bishops (Dr. Morley), p. 344. See Voltaire's opinion of this controversy in Siècle de Louis XIV, tom. i. pp. 135, 234; vol. xxii. ed. 1785.

120. Toland says: "What's worse than all the rest, he (Salmasius) appear'd on this occasion such an absolute stranger and bungler in his own province, as to open a large field for Milton to divert himself with his barbarous phrases and solecisms" (vol. i. p. 31). The fact is, Salmasius, with all his vast erudition, from a hasty impetuosity of mind, committed, occasionally, great mistakes. I have a work of his in which he makes our Saviour born at Jerusalem. "Autant de livres de sa façon, autant d'impromptu" (says Vigneul de Marville), "mais il ne digéroit assez bien les matières qu'il traitoit. Ce qu'il donnoit au public, il donnoit tout crû, avec dédain, et comme tout en colère. Il sembloit jeter son Grec, son Latin, et toute sa science à la tête des gens. Grotius au contraire considère tout, digère tout, l'ordonne, et la range sagement. Il respecte et ménage son lecteur. Son érudition est comme un grand fleuve qui se répand largement, fait du bien

à tout le monde. Crescit cum amplitudine rerum, vis ingenii" (i. p. 9). "D'autres ne peuvent écrire qu'à la hâte, et ne sauroient repasser sur leurs ouvrages. M. de Saumaise étoit de ce caractère." Gronovius (de Sestertiis, p. 46) says of him: "Habebat hoc vir ille incomparibilis ut uberrimo ingenio nulla sufficeret manus, et ubi instituerat scribere, nec rerum, nec verborum modum nosset. Sic factum esset, ut multa illi exciderent, quæ norat ipse melius, et rectius alio die tradiderat, tradebatque quæ, si paululum attendisset animum, facile vitasset." What the great Scaliger thought of Salmasius, then young, may be gathered from the beginning of one of his letters to him (Ep. ccxlviii): "Nunquam ab epistolis tuis discedo nisi doctior." A delightful character of Salmasius is given by the learned Huet (in his Commentar. de Rebus ad Eum (Se) pertin. pp. 125-130), who says: "Si quis certe animum ejus atque mores ex scriptis æstimare velit, arrogans fuisse videatur, contumax, sibique presidens; at in usu, et consuetudine vitæ, nihil placidius, nihil mitius, comis ad hæc, urbanus, et officii plenus, verum benignitati ejus ac quieti multum officiebat uxor imperiosa Anna Mercera." And then he proceeds to give an account how Salmasius' wife insisted, when he was presented at the court of Christina, in dressing him in scarlet breeches and gloves, with a black cap and white feather. Salmasius told him he was very ill with the gout the whole time he was in Sweden; that Christina used to come to his bed, and one morning found him reading Libellum Subturpiculum, which the affrighted professor hid under the bedclothes; but Christina searched for it and got it, and, being delighted with it, called in a young and beautiful lady of the name of "Sparra," whom she made to read aloud the passages that pleased her, and while the girl blushed at her task, the Queen and her attendants were convulsed with laughter. Huet saw at Salmasius' house the girl "Pontia," and says she was "satis elegans." His account of the amour of Morus with this girl is not so unfavourable as Milton's; in fact, he made Morus sign a paper to marry her, but the passion and intemperance of Salmasius' wife rendered all interference unsuccessful. Morus was ill in Salmasius' house, and Pontia nursed him, which was the beginning of the acquaintance. An epitaph on Salmasius is given in V. Paravicini Sing.

de Viris Erud. (1713), p. 201, in the bombastic style of the time.

"Ingens exigua jacet hâc sub mole sepultus
Assertor Regum, numinis atque pugil
Finivit Spadæ vitam Salmasius hospes
Trajectum cineres ossaque triste tenet.
Quod mortali fuit periit, pars altera cœlis
Reddita, fit major, doctior esse nequit."

For letters from Christina to Salmasius in the Ottoboni Palace at Rome, see Keysler's Travels, vol. iii. p. 147. For his alleged intrigues and conduct in Sweden, see Jugleri's Bibl. Histor. t. i. p. 351; and see also Recueil de quelques Pièces curieuses de la Reine Christine, p. 295, printed at Cologne among the Recueil des Histoires Galantes, 12mo.

121. See Answer to Lilie, p. 85, 4to.

122. See Sarravii Epistolæ, p. 224. His love and admiration of Salmasius evince qualities in that great man that commanded esteem. "De Salmasio quid dicam? ad eum quippe me vocas. Præcipiti Octobri ejus in amplexus ivi. Cum eo vivere amem et obeam libens. Vis plura? Si per impossibile cuiquam mortalium erigantur unquam altaria, mihi Deus, Deus ille, suavissime Fabrici. De omnigena doctrina, moribusque humanissimis tibi comperta narrare nihil attinet" (p. 32). See also his 51st Epistle to Al. More. In his 140th, speaking of the death of Grotius, he says: "Utri vestrum, Te Grotiumque intelligo, debeatur hujus sæculi principatus literarius; decernet ventura ætas." In the 198th Letter Sarravius first mentions the subject of Salmasius' defence, which he applauds. "Laudo tamen animi tui generosum propositum, quo nefandum scelus aperte damnare sustines." Then he mentions that Bochart intended "eandem Spartam ornare," but had been dissuaded. In the 208th, "De tuo pro infelice Rege Apologetico solens facis, qui facis quod libet, et amicorum consilia spernis." In the 214th he has seen his work, "Omnino magnus est iste tuus labor, et istam materiam profunde meditatus es." In the 216th he says, "Tuam defensionem quod spectat, dolendum esset in ipsis nascendi primordiis interire." In the 222nd he speaks of the fifth edition of Salmasius' work. In the 223rd

he complains that a copy had not been sent to Charles's widow. "Quamvis enim, inquiebat, sit in re minime lauta, tamen potuisse solvere pretium tabellarii, qui illud attulisset." The 228th is the letter so often quoted, beginning "Te ergo habemus reum fatentem." Sarravius differed from him in his defence of Episcopacy. July, 1648, he tells him: "Vos amis se plaignent, que vous ne faites rien de ce dont ils vous prient, et que vos ennemis au contraire ont l'avantage de vous faire écrire de ce qu'il leur plait." From a careful perusal of the correspondence connected with this subject, I am convinced that the effect said to be produced by Milton's defence on Salmasius and on his reputation has been prodigiously overrated. Salmasius seems at that time to have been as much interested about other works which he had in hand, and especially about conducting safely and commodiously his journey to Sweden, and preserving his health in that cold climate. It must also be observed that whatever More's moral character was, he stood in high esteem and reputation in the learned world, and that Milton's attack, therefore, affected him deeply. See Tan. Fabri. Epistol. lxvi. lib. i. ed. 1674, p. 219. A full and impartial account of him may be read in Bayle's Dict. Art. "Morus." Archd. Blackburne calls More the Atterbury, or rather the Dodd of his age (see Mem. of Hollis, p. 522). On A. More, see Alberti Oratio de Poesi Theologis utili, p. 404. "Quis Bezam," &c. (see Opuscula de Ratione Studiorum, 8vo). See a Note by Prof. Wyttenbach on A. More, and in Plutarch's Moralia, t. i. p. 415.

123. On Milton's Latinity, see Morhof's Polyhist. t. i. pp. 301, 302. It was said that Salmasius stole from Schickard's Jus. Hebr. Reg. See Morhof, vol. ii. p. 562. See Jugleri (in his Bibliotheca Historica, vol. i. p. 632), who intended to give an historical and literary criticism on this controversy. "Salmasio," says Morhof, "nonnunquam *σόλοικα* excuderunt." See vol. i. pp. 280 and 828.

124. Other scholars were attracted to the court of Sweden by the promises held out by Christina, and by her character, but few could bear the severity of the climate. Descartes died from its effects. G. Naudé also went, but returned from the same cause.

See Œuvres de Boileau, vol. iii. p. 417, note. Grotius also was in Sweden. Frenshemius was attracted to Stockholm. See Jugleri's B. Hist. vol. iii. p. 2058. Meibomius also was there. See Chamfort's Œuvres, vol. ii. p. 238, on Christina's caprices shown to Descartes. See Mad. Motteville's Mémoires, vol. i. p. 378.

125. He had a pension of 40,000 livres from Sweden. It may astonish some of my readers to know that Salmasius was a republican: "Placebat Salmasio respublica." He was invited by the University of Oxford to settle there on very handsome terms; and, says his biographer, he would have gone "nisi aliquid ab eo petiissent, quamvis beatissima conditione, quod cum ad nationis utilitatem spectaret, non erat tamen ad genium ipsius;" but so far was Salmasius, as all Milton's biographers assert, from being a slavish admirer of kings or regal governments, that "Bataviam hâc in parte præ Angliâ preferebat quod majorem semper in respublica quam in regno libertatem esse judicaret." See Vit. Salmas. p. xvi. It was not solely on account of his superior learning that Salmasius was selected by the adherents of Charles, but that some of his previous writings on matters connected with the Church and the sects had produced much effect in England. "Dissertatio de episcopis et presbyteris multum juverat optime sentientes (in Britanniâ) in abrogando jure Episcoporum, quod multi ex proceribus, et viris primariis ultro cum gratiarum actione testati sunt;" and it appears that he was in the habit of being consulted on ecclesiastical affairs by the persons of rank and influence in England, "Consilium Salmasii sæpius per deputationes implorarunt regni proceres."

126. Mercurius Politicus of Marchmont Needham, Milton's friend, commenced June 9, 1649, ended April, 1660.

127. It is curious to read the account of this controversy in the Abbé D'Artigny's Mémoires de Littérature, &c., 1749, t. ii. p. 173, where he says: "The dispute of Salmasius was reserved for a writer far below him, and unknown in the republic of letters." He had the portion of those who, escaping great dangers, at last perished of the blow of some cowardly raw recruit. The Frenchman seems to think that Milton's attack, joined to his

wife's ill humour, affected the old scholar grievously; but see D'Olivet's Hist. de l'Académie Française, t. ii. p. 377, which is decisive.

128. Dr. Symmons has allowed the skill and eloquence displayed in the work of Salmasius (see Life, p. 356), and has shown how much Burke was indebted to it. In that strange, rambling work, T. Hollis's Memoirs, there is an engraving by Cipriani, representing Milton's head on a terminus, on which is a medallion suspended inclosing the portrait of Salmasius; this was a print emblematical of Milton's victory (see p. 383). See Spanheim's Char. of Salmasius in Miscellanea Leibnitziana, p. 100; also Hacket's Life of Abp. Williams, pp. 14, 30.

129. A person named Jeanes or Janes published an answer to Milton's Eikonoklastes in the year of the Restoration, 1660. This book was brought out again under the title of "Salmasius his Detection of the Diabolical Rebell Milton"—intending thereby to pass it off as a translation of Salmasius' posthumous work, Ad Joannem Miltonium Responsio. It was, in fact, the same work and the same edition as that brought out by Janes, with the exception of the title and a leaf of address to the reader.

130. In the original editions of the Defensio Populi and Defensio Secunda, the name of the author is printed Joannis MiltonI, i. e. Miltonii; he therefore differed from those who would render the English termination "on" by "onus" in Latin.

131. See extract from Bishop Bramhall's Letter to his Son, May, 1654. "That silly book, which he ascribes to me, was written by one John Rowland, who since hath replied upon him. I never read a word either of the first book or the reply in my life." See Todd's Life, p. 83; also see Reimanni Catalog. Bibl. suæ, t. iii. p. 781. Joh. Rowlandi Polemica et Irenica pro Rege et Populo Anglicano, adversus Joh. Miltonum, 1653, *sine loco*.

132. See Du Moulin's Latin Poems, p. 140; and L'Esprit de G. Patin, p. 64. P. du Moulin, one of the most distinguished pastors of the Reformed Church in France, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, left an Autograph Memoir, or rather Collection of Anecdotes, behind him, which is now in the hands of

Mons. Marron of Paris, and will shortly be published. See Foreign Quart. Rev. no. xvi. p. 512.

133. The wife of Salmasius was a great shrew, but she had a high opinion of her husband. "Il se laissoit dominer par une femme hautaine et chagrine, qui se vantoit d'avoir pour mari, mais non pour maître 'le plus savant de tous les nobles, et le plus noble de tous les savans.'" See Huetiana, p. x. The 88th Letter of Sarravius opens a curious domestic picture of Salmasius' family. He had, it appears, applied to Sarravius to procure him some maid-servants, and his friend fairly answers him: "Timeo ne itineris difficultates, cum uxoris tuæ moribus multas deterreant." Salmasius was presented with the Order of St. Michael by Louis XIII; hence Milton calls him "Eques." The biographers of Milton have taken their account of Salmasius chiefly from N. Heinsius, without keeping in mind that Heinsius was his bitter and implacable enemy. Not wishing to give offence, still I must say, that not one of those who have written on this controversy seems to me to be really acquainted with the works or character of Salmasius. See also N. Heinsii Poem. Lat. 152, 165.

134. In Sarravii Epistolæ are many addressed with respect and esteem to Al. More. He seems not to have been permanently injured by Milton's attack, and he would hardly be recognized as the same person in the party-statement of Milton and the impartial Life by Bayle. A copy of Latin verses by A. More, addressed to N. Heinsius, is in the Adoptivorum Carmina, p. 19. See also Huetii Carmina, p. 33, ed. Grævii. See Reimanni Catal. Bibl. suæ, vol. iii. p. 401.

135. See in Talfourd's Memoirs of Charles Lamb (vol. i. p. 242) a letter from Lamb to Coleridge, on a passage in the Second Defence on his consolations on his blindness which had been made a reproach to him.

"The first Defence is the greatest work among them, because it is uniformly great, and such as is befitting the very thought of a great nature, speaks for itself. But the second Defence, which is but a sacrifice of splendid episodes, slightly tied together, has one passage," &c.

136. Sydneio Sacrum.

137. I would wish to remove the impression, if such exists, that Salmasius entered into this controversy as an advocate of the regal rights, from interested motives, without a conviction of the justice of his cause. The death, if not the dethronement, of Charles excited great horror and indignation in other nations. With what feelings Salmasius came to his task may be judged by the language which N. Heinsius uses on this subject. See his Poemata, Eleg., lib. ii. 4. p. 43, iii. 1. p. 64. 8. p. 79, x. p. 82. Sylv. lib. iii. p. 192. "Antiphatâ dignus Rege Britannus erat."

138. See arguments taken from Milton and the writers on James and William III, in Fabricii Centuria Plagiorum, p. 56, 4to.

139. In noticing Milton's mistake in the use of the word "Vapulandus," Johnson has observed that Ker, and some one before him, had remarked it. This person was Vavassor (De Epig. cxxii. p. 154). See Crenii Animad. Philolog. 12mo, p. 77. "Illud mirum pariter et festivum quod is quo loco et quibus plane verbis attribuit Salmasio solæcismos, iisdem ipse solæcismum, aut solæcismo flagitium non minus admittat."

140. Buchanan, says Gibbon, is the earliest, or at least the most celebrated of the Reformers who has justified the theory of Resistance. See Rom. Hist. vol. ii.

141. The learned Gataker considered Salmasius worthy of the appellation bestowed on Pic. Mirandula,—"the Miracle of the Age he lived in." See his answer to Lilie, p. 85. Sarravius calls him the Coryphæus of sacred and profane literature, and Grotius honoured him with the title, Super eminentissime. The fanatical republicans who hated his arguments, and the jealousy of the scholars who envied his erudition, attempted to pull down the noble statue from the pedestal on which it had so long stood —but in vain; it still rose in its majestic proportions and colossal size.

142. Salmasius describes himself as supported in his work by the consciousness of integrity and the intrepidity of truth. "Deum

testabor me hanc causam tuendam suscepisse non tantum rogatus, sed quia meliorem et justiorem nullam ea me potuisse defendere conscientia mea mihi suggessit, ratio et veritas docuit, resque ipsa dictavit," &c. It does not appear exactly when the "first bold man dared to talk of bringing the King to justice," but such language was heard in 1646 and 1647. Berkeley asserts that the resolution was taken at Windsor in a Council of officers, soon after the King's confinement at Carisbrook. See Maseres's Tracts, i. 383, and Hallam's Const. History, ii. 302. Mr. Bowles considers that Milton was the first who cried out for national justice, in his Exordium of Defensio Populi; that Cromwell seized the idea, and that the King was hurried to judgment. He ingeniously finds a corroboration of this opinion in the motto of Milton, in his last address to the people, when it was determined by the whole voice of the Nation to execute the exiled King. The motto appears in Milton's works as

. . . "Et nos
Consilium dedimus Scyllæ."

See Bowles's Life of Ken, vol. i. pp. 87, 156, &c., and his Last Days of Chillingworth, p. 12. I find a note in my copy of Milton, that Sir Thomas Phillipps presented the Royal Society of Literature with extracts from MS. Letters of Milton to Cromwell, purporting to be the sketch of a republic which he had devised as a model of perfection. Has this letter been published? Is it generally known that the State Letters of Milton were not only translated by J. Philips, but by some other writer, and printed abroad, with curious interpolations? The original Latin was published in 1676, the anonymous translation, 1682, 4to, and Philips's in 1694. Refer particularly to p. 88 of the 4to, and p. 236 of Philips. In Todd's Life of Milton (p. 180), it is said that the Latin letters were given not accurately.

143. In his answer written at Spa, after his return from Sweden, Salmasius speaks of Christina with praise,—"faciliores aditus habet et molliora fandi tempora," &c. (p. 225). When she relinquished her crown and retired to Rome, she was equally the patroness of the Italian scholars. "Christinæ Reginæ nihil magis lætabile in orbitate regni videri solebat, quam celebrari a

magni nominis poetis. Præter cæteras enim φιλαύτη et erat et habebatur." See Fabronis Vita Filicaiæ, vol. vii. p. 296, and elsewhere; and The Anti-Baillet of Menage, t. 1. cap. iii. p. 15, on the subject of Salmasius' learning, his reputation, Christina's admiration of them—the calumny of her neglect, and his death.

144. In this treatise, Salmasius alludes more than once to some Dutchmen who had written against him, and whom he treats with contempt, "qui totam ætatem contriverunt in Claudiano et Ovidio evolvendo, et nihil præterea bonorum auctorum legerunt." This person (though unnamed) was Daniel Heinsius. (See pp. 26, 53.) The strange name at page 28, "Hugo Poni," is meant for Hugh Peters.

This posthumous treatise of Salmasius is scarce, and seldom found with the others. Dr. Symmons, in his Life of Milton, says he never saw it. It is called Apologia contra Miltonum pro Defensione Regia; it was written at Spa, without the assistance of his library. Can it be believed that in Chaudon's Dict. Biographique, the writer of the Life of Saumaise should have the audacious impudence to assert that the Defensio Regia begins in these words: "Anglais, vous qui renvoyez les têtes des rois comme des balles de paume, qui jouez à la boule avec les couronnes, et qui vous servez des sceptres comme de marottes," &c. Has this passed into the last edition of the Biog. Universelle?

145. Previously to his going to live in Scotland Yard, Whitehall, Milton lodged at one Thomson's, next door to the Bull Head Tavern, Charing Cross. See Birch's Life, p. xxxvii. In Scotland Yard his infant son died.

146. Or York Street, a "pretty garden House, next to Lord Scudamore's, opening into the Park." See on this house Gentleman's Mag., Aug., 1849, p. 164, in a review of Walcot's Westminster and Cunningham's Lovelace.

147. Whether the disease was "Gutta Serena" or "Cataract," see T. M. Good's Study of Medicine, vol. iv. p. 233. In Paradise Lost (iii. 21), the two diseases are confounded by Milton. Suffusio is the Latin term for cataract.

148. His eyesight was decaying about twenty years before his death. His father read without spectacles till eighty-four. His mother had very weak eyes, and used spectacles presently after she was thirty years old. Aubrey Lett. iii. 449. He lost the use of his left eye in 1651, and, it is supposed, of the other in 1654 (see Todd's Life, 1st ed., p. 85); but the period of the complete affliction is not known with exactness.

149. See Certificate of Milton's Second Marriage at St. Mary's Aldermanbury, in Gent. Mag., June, 1820, p. 597, vol. xiii.

150. Mrs. Catherine Milton, wife to John Milton, Esq., buried Feb. 10, 1657, in the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster. See Malcolm's London.

151. But see Mr. Todd's Life (2d ed. p. 158), who says some official documents were written by him after 1655. The last payment of his salary was Oct. 22, 1659, when he was sequestered from the office.

152. His familiar learned acquaintance were Andrew Marvell, Lawrence, Needham, Hartlib, Mr. C. Skinner, Dr. Paget, M.D. Mr. Skinner was his disciple. See Life of Harrington, p. xxv, on Skinner. "His widow assures me that Mr. Hobbes was not one of his acquaintance; that her husband did not like him at all, but he would acknowledge him to be a man of great parts, and a learned man." Aubrey Lett. iii. 444. He had no intimacy with Cromwell, nor with those in power. He tells Heimbach that he cannot serve him, "Propter paucissimas familiaritates meas cum gratiosis." Ep. Fam., Dec. 18, 1657.

153. See Bowles's Life of Bishop Ken, vol. i. pp. 87 and 156.

154. These collections consisted of three large volumes in folio. They were much discomposed and deficient, but were used by the editors of the Camb. Dict. in 1693, 4to. See the Pref. to Ainsworth's Lat. Thesaurus. It was said that Philips was the last possessor of these collections. I have an extract from a bookseller's catalogue by me—"Dictionary, Latin and English, compiled from the works of Stephens, Cooper, Littelton, a large MS. in three volumes, of Mr. John Milton, 15*s.*, 4to."

155. See Coleridge's Table Talk, vol. ii. p. 264. "In my judgment an epic poem must either be rational or mundane. As to Arthur, you cannot by any means make a poem on him natural to Englishmen. What have we to do with him? Milton saw this, and with a judgment at least equal to his genius treats a mundane theme,—one common to all mankind. His Adam and Eve are all men and women inclusively," &c.

156. See Newton's Life of Milton, p. iv. Edinb. Rev. no. cv. p. 28.

157. See Hurd's Cowley, vol. ii. p. 60. See "Coffin for the good old Camp" in Butler's Poet. Works, vol. iii. p. 194, 12mo. On the decay of trade, Hobbes's Behemoth, p. 4, ed. 1680. Harrington's Works, p. 509, 4to.

158. He published his "Brief Notes," &c., which are remarked on by Rog. L'Estrange, in "No Blind Guides, 1660." See Newton's Life, p. 101, and Birch, p. xliii.

159. This circumstance was first related by T. Warton, on the authority of Tyers (see his ed. of Milton, p. 308), and by Cunningham in his Hist. of Great Britain, 1. p. 14.

160. On Milton and Goodwin being referred to as having written in vindication of the King's murder (see Long's Review of Baxter's Life, p. 66). See Chalmers's Suppl. Apology, p. 6, for the proclamation. See also Newton's Life, p. lviii.

161. In 1683 twenty-seven propositions from the writings of Milton, Hobbes, Buchanan, &c., were burnt at Oxford, as destructive to Church and state. This transaction is celebrated in Musæ Anglicanæ, called Decretum Oxoniense, vol. iii. p. 180.

"Si similis quicunque hæc scripserit auctor,
Fato succubuisset, eodemque arserit igne:
In mediâ videas flammâ crepitante cremari
Miltonum, cœlo terrisque inamabile nomen."

162. The most copious account of the circumstances attending Milton's pardon are in Richardson's Life, p. 86, &c., communicated by Pope; who is also the authority for the assertion

that Milton was offered the place of Latin secretary to the king. See Newton's Life, p. lxviii, note.

163. Mr. W. S. Landor says, on removing the anomalies of our language, "nothing can be done without consulting Milton; his words excel in orthography those of any other writer." See Gebir, p. 9.

164. The poet's widow died at Nantwich, in Cheshire, in 1727, having survived her husband fifty-three years. Her funeral sermon, preached by the Rev. I. Kember, is published. "I remember," says Dr. Newton, "to have heard from a gentleman who had seen his widow in Cheshire, that she had hair of this colour (golden tresses); it is more probable that he intended a compliment to his wife in the drawing of Eve, as he drew the portrait of Adam not without regard to his own person, of which he had no mean opinion." See Par. Lost, iv. 305. The Aubrey MSS. say she was a genteel person, a peaceful and agreeable humour. See vol. iii. p. 442. See Gough's Camden (Cheshire), p. 436.

165. See an engraving of his house in Dunster's edition of Paradise Regained, and an account in Todd's Life of Milton, p. 272, and in Mr. Jesse's Favourite Haunts, p. 62. I saw it last year; the porch has been removed. Much of the interior remains as in Milton's time. It is inhabited by a tailor. Ellwood calls it "a pretty box." Milton is supposed to have resided there from the summer of 1665, to the March or April of the following year. It appears that the plague reached even Chalfont, as may be seen by the Register in 1665.

166. See p. xlviii to p. lv for an account of the plans of the tragedies from the Scripture, as from the British History and Saxon Chronicles.

167. See T. Warton's Milton, p. 238.

168. See Preface to Lofft's Milton, p. xxviii. The Aubrey Letters (vol. iii. p. 447). "His verse began at the autumnal equinoctial, and ceased at the vernal, or thereabouts (I believe about May); and this was four or five years of his doing it. He began about two years before the king came in, and finished about three years after the king's restoration."

169. Birch's Life, p. lvi.

170. Mr. Tomkins, chaplain to Archbishop Sheldon, was licenser. The office of licenser, abolished by Cromwell, was restored by act of Parliament in 1662. The press was placed, with reference to its different productions, under the judges, the officers of state, and the archbishop of Canterbury. Poetry fell within the province of the latter. See Symmons's Life, p. 521. Mr. C. Lofft says that "no manuscript of the Paradise Lost has been discovered, except that of the first book copied for the press, with the imprimatur of the archbishop's chaplain; but where this is to be seen is not mentioned." See Lofft's Pref. to Milton, p. i, and Newton's Pref. p. liv. See Pope's Letters, ed. Warton, vol. viii. p. 116: "I long to see the original Manuscript of Milton," &c.

171. See Introduction to Pickering's edition (p. xii), and Todd's Life (first ed., p. 190), for an account of the variations in the poem and titles. Mr. Lofft observes that 1667 was a great year in the annals of our history; for not only was Paradise Lost published, but there was a "Statute passed for the employment of poor prisoners," and a "great step made in the art of dressing wool" (p. xxiv). Of the effect of these different circumstances towards establishing the name and character which Britain holds among the nations, it is difficult to form an idea of any degree of proportionate extent; an adequate is impossible. It opens a vast arena in the boundless space of human perfectibility. See Remarks by Tench Coxe. "These clustering radiations of moral light may unite mankind to the intelligence of other systems unnumbered and unimagined; which circumstance, if it come to pass, will open new markets for the wool trade, and be of great advantage to the publishers of Paradise Lost.—'Go thy ways, Capel, the flower and quintessence of all editors.'"

172. For an account of the editions, see C. Lofft's Preface, pp. xxxv, lxi, and Todd's Life, pp. 189-217. The number of lines in Paradise Lost amount to 10,565. Dr. Symmons says that Milton lived to receive the whole fifteen pounds for which he had stipulated; but see Todd's Life (first ed.), p. 109. The original agreement for Paradise Lost is now in the collection of

Samuel Rogers, Esq.; the second receipt and the final discharge is in the possession of Dawson Turner, Esq. Concerning the plagiarisms of Callender (who published the first book of Milton, 1750) from the Commentary of Patrick Hume, 1695, see Blackwood's Mag. no. xxiv. p. 659, March, 1819.

173. Johnson, however, should have remembered that large impressions of Shakespeare's Plays were always attainable, in a separate and more commodious form, in 4to.

174. The poets contemporary with Milton were Waller, Suckling, Crashaw, Denham, Lovelace, Cowley, Broome, Sherborne, Fanshaw, Davenant, besides those of inferior note. "Never any poet left a greater reputation behind him than Mr. Cowley, while Milton remained obscure, and known but to few; but your grace knows very well that the great reputation of Cowley did not continue half a century, and that Milton's is now on the pinnacle of the temple of fame." Dennis's Letters Familiar, &c., p. 207. See on Milton and Waller, Sir T. P. Blount on Poetry, 4to, p. 137.

175. The following couplet in Marvell has wonderfully puzzled the commentators:

"I too transported by the mode offend,
And while I meant to praise thee, must commend."

See Lofft's Milton (pp. xlvi, liii), where "most commend," "miscommend," "but commend," are offered; whereas the sense is perfectly clear. "While I meant to praise thee, must commend; i. e. must, for the sake of the rhyme, use the word 'commend,' instead of 'praise,' which is the word I should otherwise have used." Even Bentley, in a MS. note in my copy, has erased "must" and written "most."

176. Dryden owned to Dennis that "when he adapted his State of Innocence from Milton, he knew not half the extent of Milton's excellence." See Dennis's Letters, Moral and Critical, 1721, p. 75.

177. See Todd's Life, pp. 198-202; there were five hundred and thirty subscribers. See a list of the most eminent of them in Lofft's Milton, p. xlix.

178. Atterbury said that "he prepared the edition of Milton, usually called Lord Somers's, from a MS. note of his in an edition of Milton out of the library of Warburton." See Atterbury's Works, iv. p. 164 and v. p. 303. And see Armstrong's Works, vol. i. p. 136. See the subscribers to this edition in Birch's Life of Milton, p. lviii, and see Malone's Life of Dryden, p. 202. Sir John Medina drew all the designs for Somers's edition, except the last, which is taken from Raphael's Bible. Rev. A. Dyce possesses the original drawings which were Dr. Metcalf's. See Walpole's Anecdotes of Painters, p. 375, 4to, on "Medina." Dryden wrote his well-known epigram for this edition on the portrait.

See Voltaire's Dict. Philosophique, vol. 5, p. 111, on the Sarcotis and on Milton.

179. Natalis Donadæi Poema Heroicum de Bello Christi. Massanæ, 1614. Ven. 1616. "Hoc vidit procul dubio in Italia Miltonus, nihil ex poesi sumturus, at aliquid ex argumento, præsertim libri secundi in poema magnum ubi loquitur Satanas, sequentium in alterum." See W. S. Landori Poemata, p. 199. There is a Latin translation of a Tragedy of Beza's, by T. Iacomotus, called "Abram from Morea, or Isaac Redeemed," A.D. 1597, which Milton is supposed to have seen. See Hollis's Memoirs, p. 528.

180. Macrobii Saturn. lib. vi. c. 1. Pearce observes that Milton imitates Virgil oftener than Homer. See Par. Lost, iv. 735.

181. See Table Talk, vol. ii. p. 264.

182. I possess a curious book, called "A New Version of Paradise Lost, or Milton paraphrased, in which the measure and versification are corrected and harmonized, the obscurities elucidated, and the faults removed, by a gentleman of Oxford" (Mr. Green), in 1706. It is one of the most ludicrously absurd books that I ever read. He says that he has introduced a novelty in this version, by bracing those lines that read best together, in imitation of the triplets in rhyme. His notes are not less curious than the text. My copy belonged to some person as eccentric as the author, as appears by his MS. notes in the

margin. He has had the book lettered—"Milton travestied surely."

183. See Todd's Life, first ed., p. 91, for some lines called, "Lavinia walking in a frosty morning;" p. 104, for a sonnet written at Chalfont, which the critics are willing to attribute to Milton. The epigram in Fenton's collection must have come from a very different inkstand. (Extempore on a Faggot, p. 286.)

184. Milton, in his History of England, seems to have used Spenser's Chronicle of the British Kings as a kind of clue to direct him through so dark and perplexed a subject. He plainly copies Spenser's order and disposition, whom he quotes; and almost transcribes from him the story of Lear—of as much, however, as the difference between prose and verse will admit. Milton's history is an admirable comment on this part of Spenser, which is taken from the first part of Hardyng's Chronicle. See Warton on Spenser, ii. p. 242, and the Retrospective Review, vol. ix. pp. 1-19.

185. See Protestant Union, by T. Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury, p. xlii. Richardson says: "The castrated part was a sort of digression, and was expunged to avoid giving offence to a party quite subdued, and whose faults the government was then willing to have forgotten." See Life, p. xlvi. Mr. Hollis's biographer (Archd. Blackburne) is as unwilling as Toland to admit this passage in its real sense; and most absurdly turns it against the Popish clergy (see Mem. p. 494).

186. See Todd's Life of Milton, p. 210; Dibdin's Library Companion, p. 201 (1824); Retrospective Review, vol. ix. pp. 1-9; and Warton on Spenser, ii. p. 242.

187. See Birch's Life, p. lxviii, and Newton's Life, p. lxxvi.

188. . . . "New Foes arise
Threatning to bind our Souls in secular Chains,
Help us to save Free Conscience from the paw
Of Hireling Wolves whose Gospel is their Maw."
Sonnet

189. It is with pleasure that we favour the reader with some

interesting remarks by the late Lord Grenville, on a doubtful point of English history connected with the present subject, and attached to a passage of Milton:

"Milton says, in anticipation of his intended poem—'Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub marte phalangas.' The struggle of Cornish Britons for their national independence, tho' finally overpowered, was maintained till a very late period of the Saxon dominion in England, nor is it easy to ascertain the precise date of its termination. Gibbon indeed asserts (c. 38, note 135), that 'Cornwall was finally subdued by Athelstane (A.D. 927-941), who planted an English colony at Exeter, and confined the Britons beyond the River Tamar.' But this statement is confuted by the authority which he cites, as well as by other historical evidence. Malmsbury, to whose evidence Gibbon refers us, says no more than that this monarch 'vigorously attacked the Cornish men, drove them from Exeter, and fixed the boundaries of his own territories (provinciæ suæ) on this side of the Tamar.' Cornwall was therefore still excluded from them. Nor is it more true that Athelstane planted an English colony at Exeter. The English were settled there before his time, and held it, as Malmsbury expressly tells us, conjointly with the Britons (æquo jure). This common occupancy of the same district, by two hostile and barbarous tribes, was naturally not very favourable to its cultivation. Those who know its present state may be amused with this author's account of it. No uninstructive lesson, if it teaches the importance of domestic concord to national improvement, and the increased productiveness of the earth itself from the progress of social life; a fact perhaps not sufficiently attended to by our ablest political economists. 'The soil,' says he, 'is hungry and squalid, scarcely producing a few starved oats, which bear for the most part no grain, but only empty husks.' Such was in those days the neighbourhood of Exeter, to which Athelstane, we are told, gave a new face of prosperity, by assuming to himself and to his people its sole possession and government. This transaction happened in 926, nearly the first of the two dates assigned by Gibbon, and almost five hundred years after the arrival of Hengist in England. The Saxon Chronicle of that year states that Athelstane 'then obtained (or

exercised) an authority (or superiority) over all the things that were in this island,—first Howel, King of West Wales (Cornwall); and Constantine, King of the Scots; and Owen, King of Monmouth; and Aldrid, the son of Eadulf of Bamburgh.' He seems to have exacted from them all some sort of submission, as to a paramount sovereign. But it is added that 'they ratified this agreement with covenants and oaths, and then returned in peace.' He treated, therefore, with the British King of Cornwall on the same footing as with the King of the Scots. He covenanted with all these Kings, as exercising distinct though possibly subordinate powers of government, and he appears to have left them in that state. From this account, therefore, as well as from what Malmsbury states, of the separation of Exeter at this period from Cornwall, it is manifest that the latter continued to be, till within less than a century and a half before the Norman Conquest, a separate state governed by its native rulers. How much longer it remained in this condition we know not. A gentleman deeply versed in our ancient history has suggested to the author of these trifles, a conjecture, in defect of positive evidence, that Cornwall was absorbed into the Saxon kingdom by gradual encroachments, not long after the time of Athelstane. He supports this opinion by some instances of ecclesiastical superiority exercised there by the English Kings before the Norman Conquest. And we may observe that in Domesday book a large proportion, perhaps the largest of the few Cornish landowners enumerated, seems to be of Saxon origin. But it is singular that no distinct account should remain of so remarkable an event as the final extinction of the sovereignty of the British princes in this their last refuge on English ground; nor any memorial of that decisive epoch when, in the words of our romantic poet,

> "'Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,
> Be to the Briton babe that shal be borne
> To live in thraldome of his fathers foe!
> Late king, now captive; late lord, now forlorne;
> The worlds reproch; the cruel victors scorne.'
>
> *Faerie Queene*, bk. iii. c. iii. ver. 42.

That the completion of this Revolution was deferred to a very late period, the evidence of language would indeed have sufficiently proved had history been wholly silent. The local nomenclature of Cornwall is at this day almost entirely Celtic. In most other parts of England, the rivers and mountains have frequently retained their British appellations; but the names of the towns, villages, and parishes (with the exception of the Roman stations, or other accidental peculiarities) are in very large proportions of Teutonic origin,—a circumstance which must be principally attributed (but not perhaps so exclusively as it has been by some of our own historians) to the influence of the Saxon conquest; though even before the Roman Invasion, some considerable portion of our island was occupied by Belgic tribes, wholly differing, as we are told (Cæsar, i. 1 and v. 10), from the Celts in language, as well as in laws and manners, and retaining in their new settlements, like other colonists, ancient and modern, the appellations endeared to them by the recollections of their parent country."

190. See Newton's Life, p. lxxviii. These Poems not printed by Simmons, but by I. M. for Starkey in Fleet Street, at the price of 2*s.* 6*d.*, bound.

191. Langbaine observes that Dryden has transferred several thoughts from Samson Agonistes to his Aurengzebe. See Dram. Poets, pp. 157, 376.

192. Perhaps it was the consciousness of having thus laboured to improve the descriptive parts of Paradise Regained, which made him prefer that poem to Paradise Lost. See C. Smith's Poems, p. 164. He compares Paradise Regained, iii. 330, with Paradise Lost, i. 675. Pope in one of his Letters calls it "his worst work" (see vol. viii. p. 110, ed. Warton).

193. See Rogers's Italy, p. 287, note, pt. 2, l. 13, ed. 1844.

194. See Mills's Five Sermons, p. 15. See also his objection to our Lord being rapt thro' the air and taken to some eastern mountain (p. 103).

195. See Niceron's Mém. des Hommes Ill. tom. x. pt. ii. p. 110. It was the doctrine of Peter Lombard, and the old divines, that

the immediate consequence of Christ's victory over the temptation in the wilderness was the diminution of the spiritual power, and the previously allowed dominion, of Satan on the earth.

196. On Milton's Defence of Tragedy, prefixed to Samson Agonistes, see Warton on Spenser, vol. ii. p. 357. See also Philological Museum, vol. vi. p. 536.

197. See Pope's Letters, vol. viii. p. 116, ed. Newton. See Armstrong's Works, vol. ii. p. 242. See Birch's Life, p. lxix.

198. Morhof ranks Milton among the inferior Latin writers. See Polyhist. Lit. vol. i. p. 1070. Salmasii Responsio, p. 5.

199. T. Warton says that N. Heinsius had no taste in poetry. I differ decidedly from this opinion, from an intimate acquaintance with his works. I affirm that there never was a commentator on the Latin poets of finer taste or happier skill. Bentley over and over again calls him "elegantissimus." "Solertissimo ingenio—et critica et poetica laude nobilis." Burman, Pierson (that admirable scholar), Wakefield, and others bear the strongest testimony to his taste and skill. De Puy says: "Heinsius delicatulas veneres, et lepores cum singulari virtute et doctrina conjunxit." See Puteani Vita, p. 144, 4to. His Latin poems are elegant and correct, but very inferior to Milton's in fertility of invention and poetical feeling. He was called "The Swan of Holland." See Baillet's Jugement des Scavans, tom. vi. pt. ii. p. 359.

200. See Table Talk, vol. ii. p. 270. I have noticed, I believe, all the errors in quantity in the Notes to the Aldine edition.

201. The poets of Great Britain who have excelled in the composition of Latin verse might be thus arranged: Buchanan, Milton, T. May, Gray; and in the second order, Addison, V. Bourne, and Anstey. Cowley possessed a facility of versification, but his poetry is neither classical in its conception, nor correct in its execution. See Morhof, vol. i. p. 1065.

202. Milton left in MS. A Brief History of Moscovia, and of other less known Countries lying eastward of Russia as far as

Cathay, printed in 1688. On his tract concerning the militia (1642, 4to), unnoticed by his biographers, see Todd's Life (first ed.), p. 127. In a Collection of Poems by C. Gildon (1692, 12mo, p. 92) is Julii Mazarini Cardinalis epitaphium, auctore Joanne Milton. See State Poems, vol. i. p. 56. Mr. Godwin, in his Life of Philips (p. 190), has mentioned a poem attributed to Milton, in State Poems, 1697, in which is: "Noah be d—d." On the works attributed to him, see Todd's Life, pp. 133-138, and Newton's Life, p. lxxxiii.

203. "He would be very cheerful even in his goute fitts, and sing. He died of the goute struck in, the 9 or 10 November, 1674, as appears by his 'Apothecaries' books.'" Aubrey Lett. vol. iii. p. 449.

204. Johnson says about the 10th of November, and Mr. Hayley on the 15th; but Mr. Todd has ascertained the exact date from a reference to the register of St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

205. See Hunter's Notes on Shakespeare, p. 337.

206. On the disinterment of the supposed coffin and corpse of Milton in August, 1790, see the Pamphlet of P. Neve, Esq., and Todd's Life, p. 139. The exact place in the church where Milton and his father lie is not ascertained. The father died about 1647. Speed the Historian and Fox the Martyrologist are buried in the same church.

207. Salmasius says: "Tu quem olim Itali pro fœminâ habuerunt." Salmas. Resp. p. 23. In his Prolusiones Acad. (p. 132), he says of himself: "A quibusdam audivi, nuper domina," &c. Virgil was called "Parthenius." See his Life.

208. On the portraits of Milton consult Todd's Life (second edit.), p. 141, note: "I also saw one of him, when young, at Lord Townshend's at Rainham, but many years have passed, and I cannot recollect any particulars." Charles Lamb, Esq. possessed an original portrait, left by his brother, and accidentally bought in London. A miniature by S. Cooper has been lately placed in the Duke of Buccleuch's possession. (Consult also T. Warton's Milton, p. 331.) As regards his portrait by W. Marshall, prefixed to his Poems (and which Salmasius did not

dislike), he says, in his Defensio contra Morum: "Tu effigiem mihi dissimillimam præfixam Poematibus vidisti. Ego verò si impulsu et ambitione librarii, me imperito Sculptori, propterea quod in urbe alius eo tempore belli non erat, in fabri scalpendum permisi, id me neglexisse potius eam rem arguebat, cujus tu mihi nimium cultum objicis." (See Prose Works, vol. v. p. 303.) But Morus had drawn a different conclusion. "An deformitatem tibi vitio verterem, qui bellum etiam credidi maxime, postquam, tuis præfixam Poematibus comptulam iconem illam vidi?" Salmasius reproaches him with the loss of his beauty. "Malo isto magnam partem tuæ pulchritudinis deperiisse, pro eo ac debeo, doleo: nam in oculis maxime viget ac valet formæ decus, quid Itali nunc dicerent, si te viderent cum ista tua fœda lippitudine." (Salmas. Resp. p. 15.) I have heard that an original portrait of Milton (about thirty years of age) has been discovered by Mr. R. Lemon of the State Paper Office.

209. In this he differed from his friends the Puritans: see description of the Puritan hair cropped, in Col. Hutchinson's Memoirs; and see Howes's Persius, p. 105.

210. See Fenton's Notes on Waller, p. cii.

211. Richardson's Life of Milton, 1734, p. iv.

212. The bed on which Milton died was given by Mr. Hollis to Akenside the poet, who was delighted with the present. See Hollis's Memoirs, p. 112.

213. Milton had taught his two younger daughters to pronounce exactly the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, and French, without understanding the meaning of the languages. This at length became so irksome that, on their expressing their uneasiness, they were sent out to learn embroidery, &c. Ellwood, Ed. Philips, and Skinner read to him. He used to say, in his daughters' hearing, that one tongue was enough for a woman. (See Philips's Life, p. 42.) Milton's memory and learning were almost as wonderful as his genius; and after he grew blind, it is not likely that he would desire to have any foreign books read to him but such as he was well acquainted with. (See Beattie's Essays, p. 273.)

214. "He was visited by the learned, much more than he did desire." See Aubrey Lett. vol. iii. p. 443. "Foreigners came much to see him, and admired him, and offered to him great preferments to come over to them; and the only inducement of several foreigners that came over, was to see O. Protector and Mr. J. Milton; and would see the house and chamber where he was born. He was much more admired abroad than at home."

215. It was when he was infirm and sick that he addressed his wife as Mary Fisher tells us she overheard: "Who having provided something for deceased's dinner which he very well liked, he spake to his said wife, these or the like words, as near as this deponent can remember: 'God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise, in providing me such dishes as I think fit while I live; and when I die, thou knowest I have left thee all.'" Milton had two servant-maids, Mary and Elizabeth Fisher. See his will. His man-servant was B. Green.

216. Milton was in tolerable circumstances. Jackson's Thirty Letters, p. 234.

217. He is said to have borrowed fifty pounds of Jonathan Hartop of Aldborough in Yorkshire, who died in 1791, at the age of one hundred and thirty-eight. He returned the loan with honour, though not without much difficulty, as his circumstances were very low. Mr. Hartop would have declined receiving it, but the pride of the Poet was equal to his genius, and he sent the money with an angry letter, which was found among the curious possessions of the venerable old man. See Easton's Human Longevity, p. 241 (a book, however, of little authority). Toland says: "Towards the latter part of his time he contracted his library, both because the heirs he left could not make a right use of it, and that he thought he might sell it more to their advantage than they could be able to do themselves." See Life, p. 142.

218. See Newton's Life, p. xci.

219. "In the Paradise Lost, indeed in every one of his poems, it is Milton himself whom you see. His Satan, his Adam, Ra-

phael, almost his Eve,—are all John Milton, and it is a sense of this intense egotism that gives me the greatest pleasure in reading Milton's Works. The egotism of such a man is a revelation of spirit." See Coleridge's Table Talk, volume ii. p. 240.

220. Deborah, his daughter, informed Dr. Ward that "Isaiah, Homer, and Ovid were works which they were often called to read to their father." In his Prolusiones, p. 81, he calls Ovid "poetarum elegantissimus."

221. T. Warton has traced this book from its possessor, Bishop Hare, in 1740, to Mr. Cradock, who bequeathed it to Sir Henry Halford. See his Milton, p. 569. See some letters concerning it in Cradock's Memoirs, vol. iv. pp. 137-140. Milton's emendations of the text are given, I think, in Jodrell's Euripides. Milton's copy of Aratus, with his autograph and MS. notes, formerly in the possession of Mr. Upton, is now in the British Museum.

222. See his Latin Letters (ed. 1674), p. 53.

223. "Milton acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original" (see Dryden's Pref. to his Fables, p. xx, and Ded. to Juvenal, p. 126). For his character of Milton, see Essay on Satan, ed. Scott, vol. xiii. p. 17 and p. 112, vol. xviii. p. 239.

> "The bard who next the new-born saint addrest
> Has Milton for his wondrous Poem blest."

See Malone's Suppl. to Shakespeare, vol. i. p. 686. Pearce says that "he could point out to Bentley, 'a hundred words (I believe) in Milton to be met with in no author before him.'" (Vol. v. p. 198.)

224. See Ward's Essay on the Revolution of 1688, vol. i. pp. 43, 50, 54, on Charles and the Parliament; Hallam's Constitutional History, vol. ii. p. 215; Blackstone's Commentaries, vol. i. p. 412.

225. See Coleridge's Table Talk, vol. ii. p. 170.

226. See Burnet's Introd. to Milton's Prose Works, vol. i. p. 9.

227. That a change in the balance of property caused the troubles, see Life of Harrington, pt. xv. 4to, p. 65: "Nor was there anything now wanting to the destruction of the throne, but that the people, not apt to see their own strength, should be put to feel it," &c. (Oceana). Again, p. 366: "The growth of the people of England, since the time noticed, of the nobility and clergy in the reign of Q. Elizabeth, to men that stood with the intent or indeed the nature and possibility of a well-founded or durable monarchy, was now presently perceived, but withal temporized in council," &c. (the art of lawgiving)." From the reign of Edward I (to go no farther backward)," says Mr. Coleridge, "there was a spirit of freedom in the people at large, which all our kings in their senses were cautious not to awaken by too rudely treading on it; but for individuals, as such, there was none till the conflict with the Stuarts." (Literary Remains, vol. iii. p. 185.)

228. "We scarce ever had a Prince," says Burke, "who by fraud or violence had not made some infringement on the constitution; we scarce ever had a Parliament which I knew, where it attempted to set limits to the royal authority, or to set limits to its own. Evils attacked continually called for reformation, and reformations more grievous than any evils." See Burke's View of Nat. Society, p. 59.

229. See on this subject, Hurd's Dialogues, Warburton's Letters to Mr. York, King's Anecdotes of his own Times, Hallam's Const. Hist. vol. i. p. 570. Lyttelton's Hist. of Henry II (vol. i. Pref.) may be consulted with advantage.

230. Such are the expressions used relating to Cromwell, and the titles given to him by Milton, in the Second Defence, &c. Milton wrote two letters to Cromwell, one in favour of Marvell, one with his Second Defence (see Birch's Life, p. xl). Cromwell was highly gifted as a preacher, as well as distinguished as a warrior; witness his learned, devout, and conscientious exercise held at Mr. Peter Temple's, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, upon Romans xiii. 1. See Scott's Dryden, vol. x. p. 141.

231. Compare Am. Marcellinus, lib. xxv. p. 4. "Felicitas ita

eminet, ut ipsis quodammodo cervicibus futuræ aliquandiu gubernatricis coactus," &c.

232. Yet on the Republic of the United Provinces, see the sentiments of a Church of England Man, in Swift's Miscellanies, vol. i. p. 63.

233. Campbell's Specimens of the English Poets, vol. iv. p. 164.

234. The house where he lived, I understand, is near the church in the village of Rushmere, was a farm-house, and has been lately altered.

235. Their biography has been written by Mr. Godwin in an entertaining and interesting volume.

236. Dr. Birch transcribed the registry of the birth of Milton's children from his own writing, in a blank leaf of his wife's Bible. His son John was born on Saturday, March 16, 1650. His three daughters each received 100*l.* as their fortune from their stepmother Elizabeth, and the three receipts bearing their three signatures were sold among the books and manuscripts of James Boswell, Esq., in 1825 (see also Mr. Todd's Life, first ed., p. 186, note).

237. It was when Faithorne's crayon-drawing was shown to her by Vertue, the engraver, that she cried out: "Oh Lord! that is the picture of my father! how came you by it?" and stroking down the hair of her forehead, she said: "Just so my father wore his hair." See Todd's Milton (second ed.), p. 143, note.

238. See Birch's Life, p. lxxvi, and see a letter from Vertue, the engraver, to Mr. Christian (Aug. 12, 1721), in Gent. Mag. May, 1831, p. 419.

239. "Anne Milton is lame, but hath a trade, and can live by the same, which is the making of gold and silver lace, and which the deceased bred her up to." Eliz. Fisher's Deposition.

240. See Todd's Life, p. 290, Philips's Life, p. lxvi, prefixed to Milton's Prose Works, ed. Pickering. It appears that his daughters lived quite apart from their father the last four or five years of his life; and that he knew little about them, nor whether

they frequented church or not. See Christopher Milton's Deposition, p. 274, ed. Todd.

241. Caleb Clark, her son, was parish clerk of Madras. His children were the last descendants of the Poet, but of them nothing farther is known. See Mr. Hawkins's Note in Newton's Life, p. cxi. Dr. Birch narrates the conversation he held with Mrs. Foster, who told him that Milton's second wife did not die in childbed, as Philips and Toland assert, but about three months after of a consumption (see p. lxxvii).

242. The above account by Dr. Johnson is not quite correct. The receipts of the house were 147*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*, from which 80*l.* were deducted for expenses. Such is the statement of Mr. Is. Reed. Some accounts of circumstances that led the public attention towards Milton's granddaughter may be seen in Hollis's Mem. p. 116. An Advertisement of Johnson's first suggested some plan of relief. It is in Boswell's Life, vol. i. p. 196.

Voltaire says he was in London at the time. "J'étais à Londres quand on apprit qu'il y avoit une fille de Milton aveugle, vieille et pauvre, en un quart d'heure elle fut riche." See Correspond. Générale, tom. vii. p. 401.

243. "On Thursday last, May 9, 1754, died at Islington, in the 66th year of her age, after a long and painful illness, which she sustained with Christian fortitude and patience, Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, granddaughter of Milton." This paragraph from a contemporary newspaper, is preserved in the Memoirs of T. Hollis, vol. i. p. 114.

244. Milton's granddaughter asserted that he would not allow his daughters to be taught to write; but Aubrey mentions that his youngest daughter was his amanuensis, and it appears that Mrs. Foster was mistaken also in other particulars.

245. See Skinner's Letter to Pepys on this Manuscript, Pepys' Correspondence, vol. i. pp. 169-181, and vol. ii. p. 297.

246. This treatise was written in Latin. He has expressed regret that his treatises on Divorce were not written in the same language, for Milton never courted public or vulgar applause.

His inscription on the tracts he gave to Trin. Coll., Dublin, speaks his sentiments. "Paucis hujusmodi lectoribus contentus."

247. Is it not extraordinary that Dr. Symmons should assert that Milton's theological opinions were orthodox, and consistent with the creed of the Church of England? "The peculiarity of Milton's religious opinions had reference to church government, and the externals of devotion." See Life, p. 589. Johnson asserts the same, but undoubtedly he had not read Milton's works with that scrutiny and care which have enabled later editors to discover the truth. Mr. Todd's words are a repetition of Johnson's. See Bishop of St. David's ed. of "Milton on True Religion," p. 1. Trapp had asserted that Paradise Lost was "ex omni parte orthodoxum," or he would not have translated it.

248. "Milton's opinions," says Dr. Sumner, "are nearly Arian. He differed from Arius in maintaining that the Son is consubstantial with the Father."

249. See Todd's Life (second ed.), p. 307.

250. "The Arian and Socinian are charged to dispute against the Trinity; yet they affirm to believe the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, according to Scripture and the Apostolic Creed. As for the terms of Trinity, Triunity, Coessentiality, Tripersonality, and the like, they reject them as scholastic notions, not to be found in Scripture." See Treatise of True Religion. See Toland's Life, p. 145.

251. See Protestant Union, a Treatise on True Religion, &c. by J. Milton, with a preface on Milton's religious principles and unimpeachable sincerity, by Thomas Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury (1826, 8vo), who considers that Milton and the Latin writer De Doctrina Christiana are at variance on the subject of Popery. See p. xxxv.

252. See Lord Grenville's Letter in Harford's Life of Burgess, pp. 347-9.

253. "From Milton," says Mr. Gifford, "whose malignity to the Hierarchy is well known, neither truth nor justice is to be expected." See B. Jonson's Works, vol. vi. p. 260.

254. See Life, p. 46. It is well known that one of his biographers, Mr. Peck, considered him to be a "Quaker." Newton says he was a sort of Quietist, and was full of the interior of religion, though he so little regarded the exterior. He was, as all acknowledge, a religious man, and yet he did not frequent a place of worship. Why? The ground is open, and each critic may advance his own opinion. Was it that he agreed with no religious party, or was it that he was old, gouty, blind, and infirm? A sufficient dispensation surely!

255. See Richardson's Life, and Archd. Blackburne's Remarks on Johnson's Life of Milton, p. 111 and p. 160; and Mr. Boerhadem's Letter in Gent. Mag., October, 1799. "Aske each witnesse, whether the parties ministrant (his daughters) were not and are not greate frequenters of the Church, and good livers." See Milton's Will, ed. Todd, p. 169.

256. See Life, p. 151. The measures of Archb. Laud and the privations of his exiled friend and preceptor, T. Young, appear first to have alienated him from the discipline of the Church. Averse to the government of the Church as then conducted, he became, successively, Puritan, Presbyterian, and Independent, without relinquishing his religious principle, for those sects were all Trinitarian in doctrine. He thought them all intolerant of one another, and finally he left them all; and, after his blindness, ceased to communicate with any public congregations of Christians. (See Bishop Burgess's Protestant Union, p. xxiii.) But it appears that he did not think himself excluded from the blessing bestowed by God on the Churches. See bk. i. c. xxix.

257. On the different meanings affixed to the word "Puritan," see Heylin's Cert. Epistol. p. 1. See Hume's Character of the Independents and their Churches, in Scott's Dryden, vol. x. p. 140.

258. See Considerations on removing Hirelings, ed. Burnet, vol. i. p. 169: It were to be wished the ministers were all tradesmen, &c.—On the different opinions held by the Sectaries on the subject, on the support of their ministers, see Warton's Milton, p. 348; and Todd's Milton, vol. v. p. 483.

259. In the Edinburgh Rev. No. cvii., Sept., 1831. In a note in their review "of the State of Protestantism in Germany," a passage is quoted from Jortin, "declaring that they who uphold the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity must be prepared to assert 'that Jesus Christ is his own Father and his own Son.' The consequence will be so, whether they like it, or whether they like it not." Be the words of Jortin what they may, and without any reference to his authority, I must beg the reviewer to consider that the words Father and Son are used in an analogous and figurative sense; and that the "greatest caution is necessary not to connect with the terms Father and Son, when applied to the persons of the Holy Trinity, any ideas similar to those of human derivation." Milton has guarded and qualified his language by the expression, "We do not say that God is in fashion like unto man in all his parts and members, but that (as far as we are concerned to know) he is of that form which he attributes to himself in the sacred writings" (p. 18).

260. The doctrine of the primitive church, of the catholic verity of our communion, is to represent the Deity as one essence, with a threefold personal subsistence and agency. See British Critic, Hind's Three Temples, p. 365. No language, however cautious, on a subject beyond our comprehension can be unimpeachably correct; it should be met therefore with indulgence, and interpreted with a serious feeling of its mystery, and with an acknowledgment that no form of speech is adequate to explain it. "All religion," says Bp. V. Mildert, "is mysterious to our faculties; and the self-existence, the spiritual nature, the agency, and the attributes of the Deity, all constitute an impenetrable mystery!" See Sermons, vol. i. p. 479. "I praise the saying of Irenæus, 'If any one shall tell us how the Son was produced of the Father, we will tell him his generation is ineffable, and no man knows it.'" Basil and Nazianzen speak in like manner, and so Rufinus. See H. Grotius' Judgment in Sundry Points Controverted, p. 100, ed. Barksdale. Justin Martyr in his Apology, xxx., says: "He was begotten of God in a manner far different from ordinary generation."

261. See Dr. Sumner's Preface, p. xxxiv.

262. See Dr. Channing's remarks on this part of Milton's work, in his Remarks on the Character and Writings of Milton, p. 37.

263. See Niebuhr's Travels in Arabia, vol. ii. p. 172 (Heron's transl.), on Plurality of Wives in the East.

264. See Dr. Sumner's Preface, p. xxxv.

265. See T. Warton's Summary of Milton's Political Opinions, in Todd's Milton, vol. vi. p. 391. "In point of doctrine they are calculated to annihilate the very foundations of our civil and religious establishment, as it now subsists. They are subversive of our legislature and our species of government. In condemning tyranny, he strikes at the bare existence of kings; in combating superstition, he strikes at all public religion. These discourses hold forth a system of politics at present as unconstitutional, and almost as obsolete, as the nonsense of passive obedience; and in this view he might just as well think of republishing the pernicious theories of the kingly bigot James, as of the republican usurper Oliver Cromwell." This might have been spared. Milton's political speculations are not applicable to our times; and as, it has been justly said, his theological opinions would have been different had he survived to read the works of Waterland and Bull, so, we may say, his political theories would have been more wise and moderate had he lived in the days of Somers and of Locke.

266. See the Areopagitica, p. 317, ed. Burnet. "Behold now this vast City, &c. There be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching Reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement," &c.

267. It has been more than once remarked that little mention is made of Milton by his contemporaries. His name does not occur in the pages of Clarendon. Thurloe speaks of him only as a blind old man, who wrote Latin letters. Sir W. Temple does not name him, and R. Baxter passes over him in silence.

Whitelocke mentions him only once, and that casually. Mr. Todd has mentioned a poem to the honour of Milton, written soon after his death, though not published till 1689: A Propitiatory Sacrifice to the Ghost of J. M. by way of Pastoral, in a Dialogue between Thyrsis and Corydon. See Poems and Translations written upon Several Occasions and to Several Persons, 1689, p. 110.

268. On the subject of Milton's religious opinions and character, a late editor has expressed himself with judgment and ability. See Hawkins in Newton's ed. vol. i. p. xcix to p. ci. See Bowles's Life of Ken, for the three stages of Milton's life. (Vol. i. p. 789.)

269. "I cannot chuse but wonder what it is that inclines some men who are otherwise sober enough, to let fly so lavishly and indiscriminately against reason and philosophy, especially in an age so exceedingly prone to phantasy and madness, and that hath been ruined in all its concerns by enthusiasm and vain pretences to the Spirit." Glanville's Philosophia Pia, p. 85, 1671. See also p. 230. "Here the enemies of our Church and Government began. Upon this (fanaticism) they insisted still, and filled their books and pulpits and private corners with these cantings. This was the engine to overthrow all sober principles and establishments; with this the people were infatuated and credit was reconciled to gibberish and folly, enthusiasm and vain impulses. This is the food of conventicles to this day, the root of their matter, and the burden of their preachments," &c.

270. See the Life of Bishop Sancroft.

271. The editor (S. C.) appropriately quotes the conclusion of Milton's two beautiful and affecting Letters to Leonard Philaras, the Athenian, as a testimony of the truth of the character given in the text. See vol. i. part i. p. 35.

272. Table Talk, vol. ii. p. 264.

END OF VOLUME FIRST

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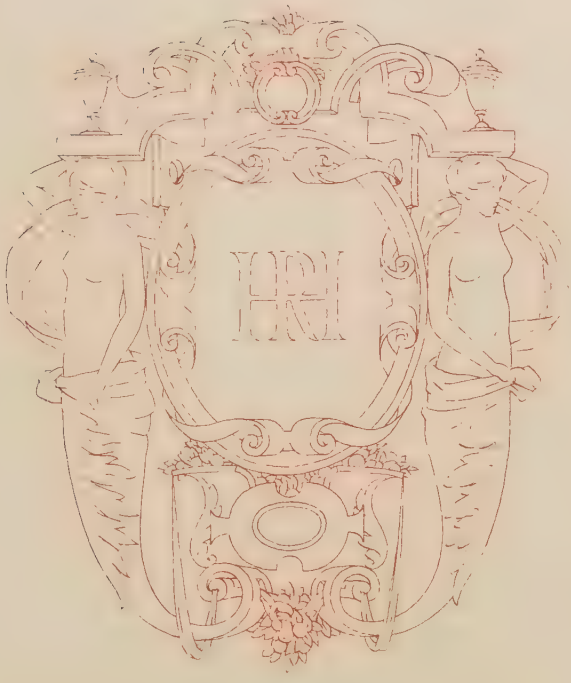
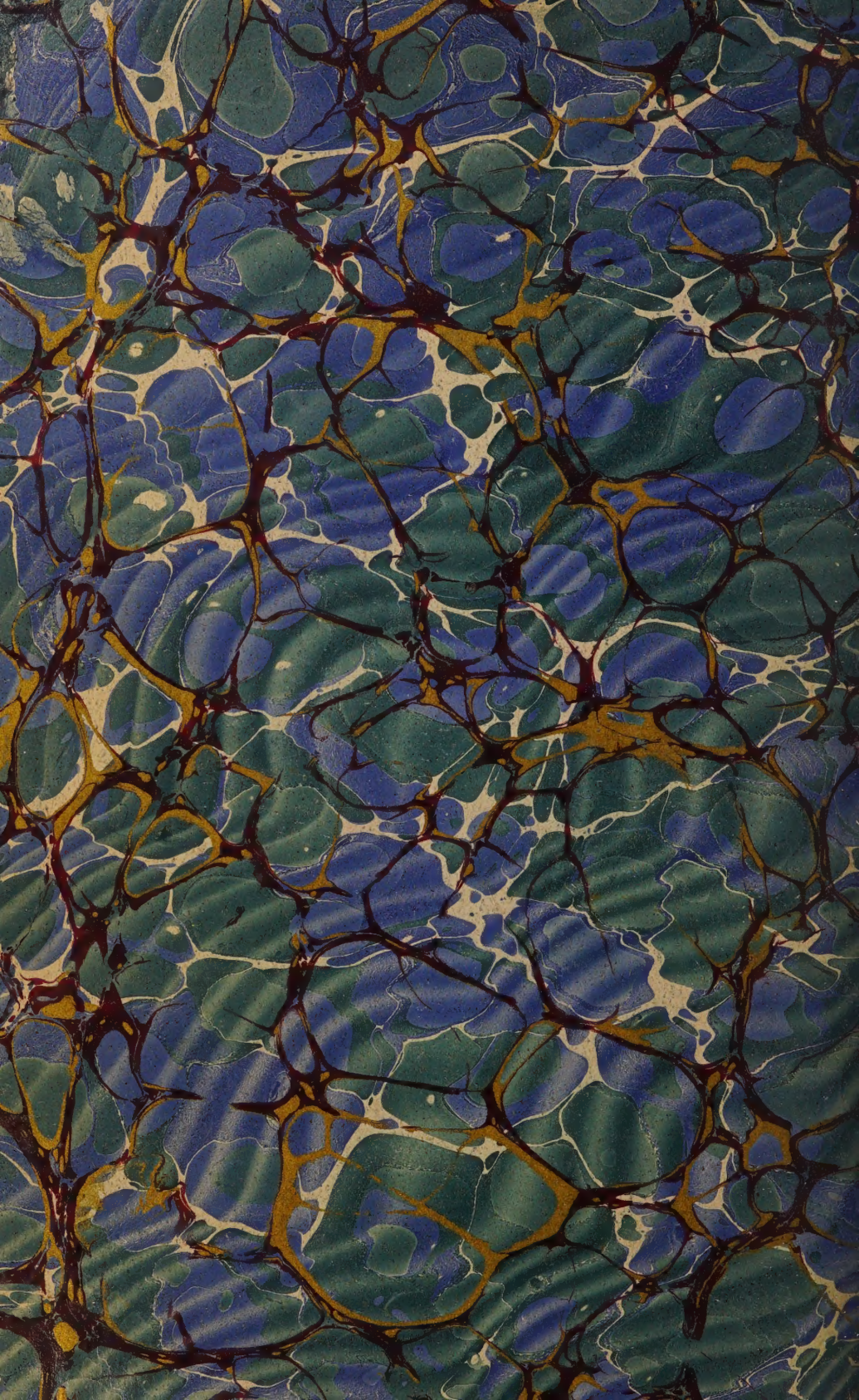
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